E Signo Ben

The Gallant Hermaphrodite.

An Amorous NOVEL.

Tranſlated from the *French*,
OF
The *Sieur de Chavigny*.

Licenſed, *June* 7. 1687. *R. P.*

LONDON:
Printed for *Samuel Manſhip*, at the Sign of the *Black Bull* in *Cornhil*. 1688.

Elizabeth Mailes

The Preface.

WEre it not to put an end to the Bookſellers Importunities, I ſhould not trouble you with a Preface; but having given him the Novel, I am not to oblige him by halves. Though I am altogether at a loſs what to ſay, when I call to mind the Reflection of a witty Author,

In vain the Preface doth for Favour plead,
Where the damn'd Book diſpleaſes all that read.

For whatſoever this Piece of the Sieur de Chavigny *be in the Original, I am ſure it has ſuffer'd much in my hands. Tranſlations are for the moſt part like a Suit of* Arras, *turn'd the wrong ſide outwards; and therefore you muſt expect to find This full of Knots and Thrums, ſince 'tis my firſt* Coup d'Eſſay (*as Sir* Fopling *ſays*) *in this kind. Such as it is, I make a free Preſent of it to the lovely Sex, in*

hopes of their Patronage; especially to that part of it who have a Kindness for what is originally French. As to those Ladies who delight in the sight of the Elephants, Hairy Maids, Turks, &c. I hope our Gallant Hermaphrodite *will be kindly entertain'd by them, since they may, without scandal, even in their Alcoves, freely view and converse with this----what shall we call it?*

Sir, or Madam, chuse you whether;
Nature twists them both together.

All the further Favour I desire, Ladies, is, that you would put bounds to your Curiosity, and not endeavour to pull off my disguise; but content your selves with laughing at my Pains, without laughing at my Face. But if any of you will be so malicious to lay this Monster of a Translation at my door, I am resolv'd, in revenge, impudently to maintain 'tis a Bastard of your own, and falsly put upon me to Father.

The

The Gallant

Hermaphrodite.

Aragon, *Portugal*, and *Caſtile*, acknowledged each of them a Soveraign; this laſt Court, where Magnificence reign'd, attracted from the Borders of the *Weſt* and *South*, ſo great a concourſe of young Princes, that it had been very hard, ſhould it not have ſerv'd for a Theatre to ſome extraordinary Adventure. Some publick Sports inſtituted for the Exerciſe of ſuch Illuſtrious young Perſons, and in the celebration of which, thoſe of both Sexes had chang'd their Names to thoſe of ſome *Deity* in Poetry, gave birth to

the firſt Flames of a young Prince of the Royal Family of *Braganza*, nam'd *Alphonſus*, who repreſented *Mercury*; and to the mutual inclinations of the Dutcheſs *Anna Iphigenia*, the High Admiral's Daughter, who perſonated *Flora*. That nimble *God* having bore away the honour of the Courſe, this *Goddeſs* preſented him with a Chaplet of Flowers (as an Emblem of her Divinity) with ſo good a grace, that he could not forbear from requiting her agreeable ways of procedure, by the return of his Heart. He ſtay'd not for the day following the Feaſt, to ſhew her how ſenſible he was of the Favour which he had receiv'd from her, more valuing the having receiv'd the Garland from ſo fair a Perſon's hands, than the having gain'd the Victory. He declared to her openly before all the Court, that ſhe triumpht over the Conquerour, and laid at her feet the Prize with which his Valour and Addreſs had been recompenc'd.

penc'd. 'Twas from this moment, that theſe two tender Hearts were united, that they began to ſigh the one for the other, and that they form'd an inviolable Union. If *Mercury* grew paſſionately in love with *Flora*, *Flora* was in love with *Mercury*; ſo that they courted every occaſion to ſignalize their love to each other.

Iphigenia had all the Charms that could render a Princeſs of ſixteen infinitely lovely, and the young Prince who was about two and twenty, was endow'd with all the Qualities that accompliſh a Grandee. The love that *Alphonſus* conceiv'd for this Soveraign Beauty, was from its birth, of the character of that which is term'd vehement. It made a noiſe at Court, inſomuch that the *Queen*, whoſe Vertue had drawn this young *Princeſs* from another Court, fearing leſt ſo mutual and ſtrong a Paſſion might produce ſomething prejudicial to the Ladies Honour, took her into the

number of her Favourites, that she might keep her always by her, and committed her to the care of an old *Governess*, whose Eyes it was very difficult for her to deceive. Nevertheless, as Love is exasperated by Resistance, the more Obstacles *Alphonsus* found to surmount, the more his Passion increased. There was no opportunity offered it self of entertaining privately the *Dutchess Iphigenia*, which he let slip. He very rarely was out of her presence, insomuch that he gave occasion to some other young Lords to divert themselves, at his cost, so far, that one of the wittiest amongst them compos'd this Raillery upon his Assiduities.

Of his Devoir himself t'acquit,
Alphonsus *every-where does watch,*
(With his best Care and utmost Wit)
A Glance from the bright Fair to catch;

But

But hardly doth he her espie,
When at the presence of her Charms,
Struck with the Lustre of her Eye,
He yields his Heart up to her Arms.

All the Precautions of her who watcht our fair ones Conduct, could not deprive *Alphonsus* of the pleasure of entertaining her often in private. The more the *Queen*, who lookt upon their Alliance as impossible (for very different reasons than those which hindred it indeed) oppos'd their desires, the more their Love became impatient, and contriv'd means to surprize the vigilance of the Governess. *Iphigenia* bethought her self to make a Visit to the *Princess Christina*, *Alphonsus*'s Sister, with whom she was very familiar; but as he was at variance with her, he could hardly resolve to sacrifice the resentment of many stinging Reproaches which she had made him, to some sweet moments that might be recovered elsewhere.

where. This Conſideration induc'd our Illuſtrious Fair One (to avoid diſobliging the *Queen*, and opening a hundred young Ladies mouths who would railly her Paſſion) to propoſe to Prince *Alphonſus* a Truce, to whom ſhe ſuggeſted the common Correſpondence by Letters. Nevertheleſs, as all things are diſcovered at long run, and as it is difficult to find truſty *Confidents* at Court, our Illuſtrious Lovers ſufficiently thought upon the intercepting of their Letters, to agree together of a way to conceal their intelligence from the curioſity of People that are apt to laugh. They contriv'd then to reject the firſt word of every Line as uſeleſs to the ſence, and to ſearch after the Coherency of the Diſcourſe, in skipping over one word to the next, and ſo going backwards again in the ſame manner, being at the end, even to the beginning. This is a Copy of the Letter which the Amorous

Prince

Prince made, according to this myſtery.

The Irregular Order of Prince *Alphonſus* his Letter.

THE) *the Anſwer Deſtiny an of with great me men honour* curious) *is Lovers more of cruel faithful* will) *than moſt the the Deſtiny faith of his thoſe of of day a this meaner you* be) *fortune makes if that we engage-* enrag'd) *ment were the of* Flora *that charming Rank approve we reſolution* not) *ſhould generous be a freer of what* to) *capable always is Slaves age in our our that independency ſee when them* enter) *ſhall make I ſhall be we able love* into) *to in ſay paſſionately that am I I adore that you ſenſible extreamly but* our) *becauſe are that you you if are Union abſolutely our lovely to what* Secrets) *bring ſo can ever Intereſt hindrance.*

This innocent Artifice ſucceeded ill to our Lovers. How faithful ſoever a Maid of the Dutcheſs *Iphigenia* ſeem'd to *Alphonſus*, and whatſoever proteſtations ſhe made him to put his Letter faithfully into her Miſtreſs's hands; the Governeſs ſo abſolutely diſpoſed of all her Domeſticks, frighted by her threats, that ſhe intercepted the Letter, whereof notwithſtanding ſhe could not underſtand the ſence. She made a Copy of it to be taken, which ſhe went to communicate to the *Queen*, and ordered that the Original ſhould be delivered in ſecret to the young Dutcheſs.

The *Queen* truſted this myſterious Note with her *Secretary*, who after an hours meditation, decypher'd it with much eaſe, and read it thus.

Prince

Prince *Alphonſus*'s Letter, in its natural Order.

THE Deſtiny of great men is more cruel than the Deſtiny of thoſe of a meaner Fortune. If we were of that Rank, we ſhould be freer. What! always Slaves in our Independency? when ſhall I be able to ſay, that I adore you extreamly, becauſe that you are abſolutely lovely? Whatſoever hindrance Intereſt can bring to our Union, if you are but ſenſible that I am paſſionately in love, we ſhall make them ſee that our Age is capable of a generous Reſolution. Approve, charming Flora, *the Engagement that makes you of his Faith, the moſt faithful of Lovers. Honour me with an Anſwer.*

The *Queen*, who was a very wiſe Princeſs, judg'd by this Letter, of the great Familiarity of theſe tender Lovers,

vers, and the conſequences that it might produce. Her Prudence ſuggeſted nothing elſe to her, only to order the *Governeſs* to interrupt this Amorous Commerce, as much as decency would allow, and to forbid her taking notice of any thing to the young *Dutcheſs* concerning the intercepting of her Letter. Whilſt *Iphigenia* was buſied in anſwering the *Billet* that ſhe had receiv'd, the *Governeſs* entred her Chamber. Her unexpected arrival made her put her Papers together with the greateſt haſte imaginable, and appear'd ſome time diſturbed. After ſome ordinary Converſation, the *Governeſs* having purpoſely brought in Prince *Alphonſus* into the Diſcourſe, the *Dutcheſs* ſeem'd very indifferent on that Chapter, and let nothing appear that might betray her Love. That cunning Woman obſerving by the diſorder that appear'd in *Iphigenia*'s looks, that ſhe had been ſurpriz'd, and that ſhe ſhould be troubleſom

bleſom if ſhe kept her company long, retir'd to leave her at liberty to betake her ſelf to her former Employment.

This Fair One found her ſelf perplex'd, to make an Anſwer conformable to the Note; ſhe ſpar'd her pains, in hopes that one of *Alphonſus* his Siſters Maids would do her the Courteſie to convey a Letter writ the common way, to the Party concern'd. In effect, this complaiſant Maid, whoſe name was *Cornelia*, found opportunity to ſatisfie her, and to deliver the young Prince her Letter, who immediately gave her marks of his Acknowledgement. This is the ſubſtance of the Letter.

The Dutcheſs *Iphigenia*'s Anſwer.

IF you love me as ſincerely as you would perſwade me, ſpeak well of Deſtiny, that makes you born a Prince. Perſons of our Rank are born free, or are at moſt, Slaves

Slaves but for a very little time. The viciſſitude of Seaſons will change the face of Affairs. Let us conſider for ſome time. Be you faithful to Love, and he will ſufficiently eſpouſe your Intereſt. I love as much as you love, becauſe I have not a lower Soul, and that I love to the utmoſt extent. Prince, Adieu.

A Letter written in terms ſo plain and paſſionate, ſtrongly flattred *Alphonſus*'s amorous inclination, who after that, remain'd ſome time in Repoſe.

Although *Iphigenia* ſuſpected not the fidelity of her perfidious Confident, ſhe perceiv'd nevertheleſs, by the Aſſiduities that the Queen required from her, and the frequent Viſits of her Governeſs, that they had a ſpight againſt her liberty. One day that ſhe met *Alphonſus* near enough at a Comedy, whoſe motions the Queen obſerv'd, and ſtudied all his looks, ſhe took ſo well her time, that ſhe told him,

him, without being underſtood by any one whatſoever; Alphonſus, *we ſhall not be able to ſee one another again with liberty, but at your Siſters; reconcile your ſelf to her, and let none but the Maid that has given you my Anſwer, know of your Reconciliation. I will prepare her Mind, and I will manage your Honour and Intereſt as my own.*

There was nothing but Love that could perſwade *Alphonſus* to that mortifying advance, to ſee again a Siſter that had a thouſand times provok'd his Nature. It was the greateſt trouble to him in the World, to reſolve on it; and without the meeting with one of his Siſters Maids, which was the Confident of the Dutcheſs *Iphigenia*, I queſtion if his Love had been able to have carried it above his Reſentment. He engag'd this Maid, equally witty and diſcreet, to encline his Siſter afar off, to court his Friendſhip, in repreſenting to her, that when Heaven could not but have in horrour their

ſeparation,

ſeparation, it was ſhameful to ſee Perſons of their Quality and near Relation, live in a miſunderſtanding, that rendred them the ſport of the Court. He promis'd to this Mediatrix to acknowledge her Services, and that if Heaven made him obtain the poſſeſſion of *Iphigenia*, ſhe might flatter her ſelf with the hope of a conſiderable Fortune. Now for fear that their Interview ſhould become ſuſpected, he ſhew'd her the Wife of a Steward of the Kings Houſhold, to whom ſhe might give an account of her Negotiation.

Cornelia inſtructed in the deſigns of *Alphonſus*, run to communicate them to the Illuſtrious Miſtriſs of this *Prince*, who ſuggeſted to her the manner whereby ſhe ſhould inſinuate her ſelf into the mind of the Princeſs *Chriſtina*, ſhe counſelled her to move this matter the ſame Evening, that ſhe would come to ſee this Princeſs on purpoſe, whereby ſhe would ſtrongly try her

Inclina-

Inclination, in reſpect of *Alphonſus* her Brother.

Cornelia was playing the fool with the Princeſs *Chriſtina*, who hid none of her thoughts from her, when ſhe told her that ſhe had had a Dream during which, ſhe found her ſelf the moſt happy Maid in the World. There was a likelihood that the ſight of ſome agreeable Object had entertained her, and that there paſſed, during this Dream, ſomething too wanton to be related, ſince that ſhe made a myſtery of it to this Confident, to whom ſhe would never reveal it, what entreaty ſoever ſhe made. They conteſted yet agreeably together with that privacy that ſhe permitted to *Cornelia*, when one came to adverſiſe the Princeſs *Chriſtina* of the arrival of *Iphigenia*, whoſe Coach was in the Court. She bid her tell her that ſhe thought her ſelf much honoured by her Viſit, and that ſhe was ready to receive her.

She

She mounted the Stair-case with her ordinary freedom, when she heard in an adjacent Parlour many Maids laughing at the Tales, which an old Woman told them, who by looking in their hands told them their good Fortune. As she was familiar and beloved by all the House, she stopt there, and inform'd her self of the cause of so extraordinary a Gaiety: She understood it, and pray'd them not to dismiss this Fortune-teller, till that she had spoke of her in the Chamber of the Princess.

The Prince *Alphonsus*, who knew the free humour of his Sister, had suborn'd this Woman, who was famous for her knowledge in *Chiromancy*, even to the foretelling of things to come. He had instructed her in part of his Sisters Life, and ordered her above all things, to predict to her, that dismal Consequences would spring from the misunderstanding that was between her Brother and her.

This

This Prince knew well, that *Cornelia* would serve his Interests, and would yet add as much as was possible for her, to the impression of Predictions; and 'twas this that induc'd him to advertise her to ask for her at the Palace, in case that the *Swiss* should deny her Entrance. This old Woman was beginning to act her part to the satisfaction of the whole house, when *Iphigenia*, that was not pre-acquainted with his design, heard her.

After the ordinary Complements pass'd between these two Princesses, their discourse, after having been some time serious, turning to freedom, *Iphigenia* intreated the Princess *Christina* to be willing to permit the old Woman to come up, who without doubt would afford them divertisement. The Princess, who was not less curious than *Iphigenia*, agreed presently to the Proposition: The old Woman was brought into the Chamber, and there arose an agreea-

ble Conteſt between the two Princeſſes, which ſhould preſent their Hand firſt. They were curious to hear the Recital of each others Adventures, and each defended her ſelf from having the firſt Experiment made on her. *Cornelia*, who was more an Enemy to Gallantry than the Princeſſes, and who had as well as they, her ſecret Intrigues, fearing to be forc'd firſt to paſs the Pikes, pretended ſome occaſion to go out; and 'twas this pretence that made them caſt their Eyes on her, and order her to preſent her Hand. She obey'd, and this cunning old Woman told her preſently a thouſand obliging things, for fear of frighting the Princeſſes: But as ſhe receiv'd Commands from them not to ſpare her, ſhe told this Maid, amongſt other things, that ſhe was belov'd by three ſeveral Perſons; by two Cavaliers, and another Perſon whom ſhe nam'd *Baptem*, and whoſe Birth equall'd not his Wealth.

Wealth. She added, that she had an inclination for the ugliest of the three, which nevertheless seem'd to her to have something amiable; which made the Princess say, that without doubt 'twas Monsieur such a one; which *Cornelia* so little agreed to, that she forgot even what she was, through the backwardness she shew'd at the earnest demand that was made her, to confess if it was true. *Iphigenia*, who would not vex this Maid, of whose intercession she might stand in need, pretended not to observe her ill humour, and diverted the business so handsomly, that she cry'd out laughing, and addressing her self to the Princess *Christina*, *Madam, your Turn's next.* This Princess waver'd so very much, and had so great trouble to present this pretended Mirrour of her Soul, that the particular inclination of *Iphigenia*, seconded by the impression of Destiny, made her consent to give her Hand, on condition

that the Princeſs ſhould follow her Example. This Agreement made between them, the old Woman enlarg'd upon a hundred paſs'd Adventures that ſurpriz'd *Iphigenia* ſo very much, that ſhe believ'd her truly a Sorcereſs. She was not for all that, ſo ſcrupulous as to fear venturing her Conſcience, and therefore ſhe let her make an end of ſaying all that her evil Genius ſuggeſted to her. After having heard a thouſand probable things, ſhe had the ſmarting ſatisfaction to hear the moſt croſs Prognoſtications imaginable: *You ſhall be lov'd*, ſays ſhe, *and you ſhall love. You ſhall ſigh only for Objects worthy of you. You ſhall be perfidious and faithful. You ſhall furniſh Occaſion for a Tragedy. You ſhall obtain the Object of your Vows. You ſhall be a happy Rival, and you ſhall lead a happy Life, full of Proſperity and Tranquillity, with the Perſon that thinks leaſt to obtain you.* So many obſcure and

confus'd Predictions pass'd in the mind of *Iphigenia*, for meer Fancies and Prognostications in the Air. Nevertheless, the sequel of this Princess's Adventures justified their truth. But let us pass over to what was made known in examining the Lines of the Princess's hand, the Sister of *Alphonsus*, for whose Instruction our old Woman was sent thither.

The great seriousness which this Princess affected, who had heard too much upon *Iphigenia*'s account, not to fear hearing some disagreeable Truths, disordred presently the old Woman, who endeavour'd to utter none but Events whose Remembrance should extreamly please, till *Iphigenia* having told her, that she would not be satisfied that the Princess hated Reserve and Flattery, so that she need not act against her knowledge, she ventured to speak more freely. *All your Wishes*, pursued she, *are fulfilled*; *you shall experience a favoura-*

ble Destiny, and altogether resembling that of Madam, said she, shewing her the Princess *Iphigenia*. *One thing, nevertheless, is wanting to you, Madam; but unless you expressly command me to reveal it to you, I shall pass it over in silence.* One may well imagine, that in stopping thus, she stirr'd up the curiosity of the one and the other. The *Princess* not being able handsomly to defend her self from entreating her to tell her freely her Thoughts, the old Woman added, with assurance, That it was not very commendable for her to live in misunderstanding with one of her neerest Relations: That the delay of a Reconciliation might be prejudicial to her; and that if she would do Justice to her self, she ought to consider, that this Relation was not altogether to blame; and that in fine, it was her Interest to make some Advances, and to court his Friendship. This confident Declaration, which very

very much pleas'd *Iphigenia* and the Maid, ſurpriz'd the *Princeſs*, who would know no more, and call'd the old Woman Dotard. She was then diſmiſt. After ſome Reflections that our Ladies made together upon what had been foretold them, *Iphigenia* took her time to expreſs that ſhe was altogether aſtoniſh'd, that this old Woman had been able to reveal the difference of the *Princeſs* and *Alphonſus* her Brother. The Princeſs, whom ſuch plain Declarations aſtoniſh'd not leſs than the others, could not keep from crying out, *Fables! Fables! Conjectures found upon nothing!* *Iphigenia*, who interrupted her, told her, that in truth ſhe was not of opinion that one ought to be ſuperſtitious to that point, to give credit to all things uttered, nor to fear very much the application and effect of Predictions: But that nevertheleſs, it was prudence to uſe precaution againſt Events the leaſt dangerous;

that as for the reſt, for what regarded the falling out between her and the Prince *Alphonſus* her Brother, it would always be a thing to be commended in her to diſſipate it, or to contribute at leaſt in what depended upon her, that the fire of their diſſention might be extinguiſh'd as ſoon as poſſible. Although this kind of Leſſon did not extreamly pleaſe the *Princeſs*, ſhe receiv'd it, without confuſion, from her Friend, from which it came, becauſe ſhe believ'd her not to ſpeak for Intereſt. *Iphigenia* ſeeing her not far from an Accommodation, ſaid to her, *Madam, without having regard to the Chimerical Threats of a Superſtitious Old Woman, but purely through a Principle of a Chriſtian Charity, it is neceſſary that your Generoſity now triumph over your Reſentment, and that you ſuffer the Lord* Alphonſus *to repair hither this Evening. I have authority enough over him; and I know beſides, that he eſteems and loves*

you too tenderly, not to be willing to make the first step. I grant you but two hours to resolve on it. He shall himself do all that I shall prescribe him by a Note under my Hand, which Cornelia *shall give him. I am perswaded,* interrupted she the Princess, *that my Brother adores you, that he has conceiv'd so high an Idæa of your Merit, that he cannot resist obeying you; that you rule all his Motions, not to say, that you are the Soveraign of his Heart. I, Madam,* reply'd *Iphigenia, I think not advantageously enough of my Charms, to pretend to that glory. The Prince* Alphonsus *is altogether judicious, and 'tis that makes me hope that he will give ear to Reason, and not keep himself from following it.* The *Princess* relish'd the Proposal of *Iphigenia.* It was agreed on, that *Cornelia* should follow her, and that she should receive from her a Note for the Lord *Alphonsus.*

Iphigenia,

Iphigenia, at her return, took her Pen in hand, and writ, with the greatest diligence, this Word of Advice to Prince *Alphonsus*.

The Billet of *IPHIGENIA*, TO Prince *ALPHONSUS*.

IF your Love ought to be without partition, you ought not, Prince, *to be entire in any thing. The House of the Princess* Christina, *will be most favourable to your Vows. I desire this Evening to discourse with you there; fail not at the Assignation. You ought to make the first Advances in the Project of your Reconciliation, because you ought to seem the most generous: go not from my word in any thing. If it is in any manner to humble your self, know that Submissions of this nature are Heroick Treaties; that the* Stoicks *will*

will give you the Title of a Valiant Spirit, and the Sages *that of a Christian. A true Lover cannot do an unworthy Action. If he commits any, they pass for Virtues, when he relates them to the Object for which he sighs. The rest anon. Prince, Adieu.*

Cornelia charg'd with this Billet, carry'd it to the Lord *Alphonsus*, who knew so well to counterfeit the Recital she made him concerning the Predictions of the old Woman, that she could never suspect that she had been his Emissary. He promis'd to repair to the House after the Play, and really did so about Eight a Clock at Night. *Iphigenia*, who had prevented him there, and who had given the last motion to the Resolution of the *Princess*, was no sooner inform'd of his coming up Stairs, but she went to meet him, and call'd to him at the door, *My Lord* Alphonsus, *enter without Retinue, and leave below your*

your Fierceneſs and Reſentment. She had hardly finiſh'd theſe words, when the young Prince, who carried Serenity drawn on his Face, and Love in his Eyes, appear'd. She inform'd the *Princeſs* of his approach, who roſe from her Chair of State, and went to meet him as far as the Door. Some tender Embraces, without many words, put an end to their Difference. After that moment, there appear'd no more Coldneſs between them; and *Alphonſus* entertain'd his Siſter with as much familiarity, as if they had never been at difference. After ſome moments ſpent in a free Converſation, to which *Iphigenia* had almoſt all the while contributed, the *Princeſs* asked the Lord *Alphonſus*, If he was yet Maſter of his Heart; to which the *Prince* anſwer'd, That he had ſacrificed it to the Graces of the Charming *Iphigenia*; and that lovely *Dutcheſs* anſwer'd him ſo tenderly, that ſhe had given him her own in requital.

requital. That the Princeſs ſung upon the account of this exchange of Hearts, very much to the purpoſe, this Stanza of a Song made upon a like Subject.

Burn, happy Lovers, burn in Love;
See that your Flames immortal prove.
Be you but conſtant, faithful, kind,
And you'll the ſweeteſt moments find
Lovers ere taſted; let each Heart
In mutual Love ſtill bear a part:
And Love your Souls will ſo confound,
In kind Embraces they'll be drown'd.

The good humour of the Princeſs *Chriſtiana*, excited Freedom in our two Illuſtrious Lovers, who began to tell one another tender things, and to make Proteſtations of Fidelity to each other. The *Princeſs*, who had not in ſo young years a Judgment ripe enough to diſcern the Intereſts of States compromis'd in the Alliance of Princes, flatter'd at that time

their

their Paſſion; and counſelled them not to diſpute ſo long time with each other, but to ſearch out the beſt means to give each other Aſſurances of their Love.

This Advice, although ill weigh'd, agreed extreamly to the Sentiments of *Alphonſus*. It infinitely pleas'd the Dutcheſs *Iphigenia*, who conjur'd the *Princeſs* to agree, that ſhe might come every day to her Houſe to paſs ſome moments with the Prince *Alphonſus*, until that Heaven had appointed their Marriage. The *Princeſs* very well perceiv'd by this Propoſition, that her Brother had not again courted her Amity, but for having the liberty of her Houſe, where *Iphigenia* might come alone, without giving Umbrage to her Governeſs, who would not imagine that the Lord *Alphonſus* would ſo eaſily hearken to a Reconciliation. In effect ſhe did it with ſo little noiſe, that during more than a month our Illuſtrious

ſtrious Lovers had the convenience to entertain one another privately, and to open their Hearts to each other.

Nevertheleſs, as it was difficult that ſuch a Commerce ſhould remain ſecret at Court, where great Perſons are watch'd by as many Eyes as *Argus* had, and have as many Hiſtorians of their Life, as they have Domeſticks; *Iphigenia*'s Governeſs, who never could meet her at home in the Evening, having inform'd her ſelf of the Rendezvouz of our Lovers, went to give an Account to the *Queen*, of their ſecret practices; who obtain'd from the King, that *Alphonſus* ſhould not ſee *Iphigenia* any more.

Our Illuſtrious Lovers began but to taſte the preliminary Sweets of Love, when the Malice of a barbarous Fate came to traverſe their ſpringing Pleaſure. The *Dutcheſs*, to whom the *Queen* on her ſide had

read

read very disagreeable Lectures, frequented no more almost the House of the *Princess*, for fear to meet her dear *Alphonsus* there, who lost also the habit of coming to the House, not to seem a Rebel to the *King*'s Orders. They endeavour'd, the one and the other, to ward so rude a Blow, by the most flattering considerations that Hope could produce. *Iphigenia* did her self so much violence to hinder her Grief from breaking out, that she fell into a drooping that reduc'd her to extreamity; she kept her Bed fifteen days, during which time, it was not permitted Prince *Alphonsus* to come to comfort her with his presence. Her oppression in the mean time became so prodigious, that in her Raving Fits, with which she was agitated, and which differ'd nothing from Madness, she would not speak but of her dear *Alphonsus*, to whom *Cornelia* made a tender Report of the state of her Health. She was

but

but some days recovered, and went not yet out of her Chamber, when *Alphonsus* who alter'd visibly, and was fallen into a profound Melancholy, writ this *Billet-doux*.

MY Heart is without motion, charming Princess, and resents all the Alterations of yours. Are we then so criminal, that they condemn us to death? The Melancholy which devours me, gives me it. I expire every time that I hear of your pitiful Condition; and as I inform my self of it each moment, I presume to tell you, that I no longer live. Uphold your self, adorable Iphigenia, *and let the thoughts of what's to come, elevate you above the present Persecutions. In the deplorable Estate Inhumanity has reduc'd me to, I can yet dispute it even to Death, if I hear that in that little Life is left you, you yet turn your Thoughts towards the faithful* Alphonsus.

Iphigenia ſteeped this tender Letter in her Tears. She was very deſirous in the extreamity wherein ſhe was to anſwer it: But beſides, that her weakneſs would not ſuffer her to hold a Pen, her Bed was always ſo beſieged with Ladies that made her troubleſom Viſits, that ſhe could not find the conveniency of diſcourſing one moment with *Cornelia*, the Confident of her and her Lover.

This Letter reviv'd her Love. She became ſo impatient to ſee her dear *Alphonſus*, that ſo long an abſence threw her into a Melancholy that caus'd her Relapſe. Her Diſtemper increaſed, and her Raving Fits recommenc'd. Her Mind was wholly taken up with the Anſwer that ſhe would make to her Lovers *Billet*, which ſhe ſearch'd for oftentimes between the Pillows where ſhe had put it. Her trouble appear'd ſo viſible one day to her Spies, that they had the

the boldneſs to take away from her this Note, whilſt ſhe took ſome Repoſe, and to put it into the hands of her Governeſs, who read what it contain'd, and made it be put in its place, for fear of increaſing her Diſtemper. She went in the mean time to give an Account to the *Queen*, who complain'd of it to the *King*.

This prudent Monarch, fearing that if any Alliance of this conſequence ſhould be made without the knowledge of the Princes who honoured his Court with their Children, they ſhould be ſcandalized at it, and recal them home, judg'd it proper to give notice to Prince *Philip Alphonſus* his Father, and to the *Admiral* Father to *Iphigenia*, of the violent Inclination that they had one for the other. This Alliance being advantageous for Prince *Philip*, his Anſwer was, That he would leave Heaven to act in it: and the *Admiral* not judg-

ing that ſhe had provided for her ſelf to her advantage, he believ'd that it would be eaſie to divert this Inclination, in giving another Lover to his Daughter. He conjur'd then his Majeſty moſt humbly to be willing to recommend to her the old Duke of *Alvaro*, who was a Lord extreamly rich, and whom the fear to meet with a young Heart already diſpos'd of, hindred to declare himſelf to *Iphigenia*.

The *King*, inform'd of the Sentiments of theſe Princes, ſent afreſh to *Alphonſus*, to forbid him to ſee *Iphigenia*, who was then abſolutely out of danger. The *Queen* undertook to prepare her to hearken favourably to the Duke of *Alvaro*. This lovely Princeſs, who at firſt underſtood her Intention, told her Majeſty, That although it appear'd that nothing in the World ought to be freer than the Choice of a Husband, ſhe had ſo much Reſpect and Eſteem for the Lord

Lord that ſhe had propos'd to her, that ſhe would endeavour to fancy him 40 years younger, that ſhe might have more reaſon to love him. The *Queen*, who judg'd by this Anſwer, that it was not eaſie to perſwade a young Maid to love indifferently all ſorts of Objects, contented her ſelf with this beginning, and made the Amorous Old Man comprehend it would be a hard matter to ſurprize a place poſſeſs'd by a powerful Enemy: That he might nevertheleſs render his Aſſiduities to *Iphigenia*, and that he might put in practice all his Induſtry, to endeavour to make himſelf be beloved. The *Duke*, who was a little ſenſible of the weakneſs of Age, was not capable to remove ſo many Engines. He went the ſame Evening to the Queen's Apartment, where he had been inform'd *Iphigenia* would be; and it was in her Majeſties preſence that he made her his firſt Declarations. It is not to

be believed how wittily this young *Dutcheſs* anſwer'd the old *Count*, and how ſhe made him flote between Hope and Deſpair. She droll'd a long time upon the difference of years, and ended at laſt with proteſting that ſhe loved better a white and experienced Head, than a vigorous and well-made Body.

Iphigenia, who conceiv'd that they had deſign'd this Old Man for her, was impatient to inform *Alphonſus* of this Comedy. But the promiſes ſhe had made to the *Queen* to think no more of him, and to have Eyes only for him that Heaven ſeem'd to have choſe for her by the hand of her Father, made her fear to renew with *Alphonſus* a new Commerce. Nevertheleſs, ſhe run to the Houſe of the Princeſs *Chriſtina*, to whom ſhe imparted the Adventure, and where ſhe writ theſe Lines, which ſhe left upon the Table of her Cabinet for her Lover.

The

The Letter of Iphigenia.

THey would force me to love a decrepid Old Man; as if Love ought to be enſlav'd by Intereſt. Teach me the Art to feign; for I aſſure you I am troubled to ſeem all Fire near a Froſt. The good man they propoſe to me, reckons me his already. But after what a way does he make his Court? He enters, he kiſſes my Hand, he ſits over againſt me with his Face ſo near mine, that if he take not care, I ſhall ſome day by fetching my Breath with ſtrength, meet with his, and ſnatch from him his laſt Sigh. What a Sympathy of Humours, and what a Reſemblance of Complexions is here! They ſay he has need of four or five Blankets, beſides a ſuit of Furs, to keep him warm a Nights in the Month of July. *I thank my Fate for furniſhing us with any Subject that may contribute to our*

divertiſement, when on the one ſide it deprives us of the ſatisfaction of ſeeing one another. If you are diſcreet and conſtant, none but you muſt pretend to my Eſteem. Beg of Love to furniſh us with ſome new Stratagem and ſure Means to put an end to our prohibition, and to content us. You know the hand of her that loves you. This ſuffices.

As ſoon as *Alphonſus* entred the Houſe of the Princeſs his Siſter, *Cornelia* put him in mind of the place where he might find this Note. His meeting her, moderated his Sorrow; he read it over and over, with the greateſt ſatisfaction imaginable, and carried it away without having thought it neceſſary to make an Anſwer to it.

In the mean time, the Lord *Alvaro* gave no reſt to *Iphigenia*, he preſs'd her, he ſollicited her, he employ'd the Credit of all thoſe that had any power over the mind of this *Dutcheſs*,

Dutcheſs, he offer'd her a thouſand Jewels of value, gave her Comedies, Balls, Serenades, treated magnificently on her account a party of the Ladies of the Court, went not from her houſe till it was very late, was at her Toilet, and perform'd admirably well all the Devoirs of a young Gallant; during which, ſhe rallied his Weakneſs: And *Alphonſus*, who believ'd himſelf only beloved, publiſhed every-where, that he was collecting the Memoirs of what paſſed between the old *Duke*, and the lovely *Iphigenia*, to compile a *Gallant Novel*, which he would call, *The Impotent Gallant*.

Old Age is always diſtruſtful and ſuſpicious. The *Duke* maintain'd very many Perſons up and down to watch *Alphonſus*, who inform'd him that he turn'd his Conduct into Ridicule, and that he endeavour'd to render him the Proverb of the Court. This Preſumption exaſperated the Old Man to ſuch a degree, that he reſolv'd

reſolv'd to be reveng'd of him. If his Strength had been anſwerable to his Courage, he would not have employ'd any other Arm but his own to demand ſatisfaction of *Alphonſus*. Having one day met him two Leagues from the Town, following the firſt motions of his great Heart, he alighted from his Coach, and obliged *Alphonſus* to alight, with a reſolution to fight him, if Count *Angelo*, his Nephew, who was with him, had not taken his Uncles part, who was more than Threeſcore and fifteen years old, againſt a Prince that was hardly Nine and twenty.

Theſe two young Lords having drawn their Swords, puſht for ſome time very vigorouſly. It was not the Dukes fault, that his Nephew, whom he animated by all powerful Exhortations, remain'd not Maſter of the Field. He was nevertheleſs worſted, having receiv'd a very dangerous Wound in the Arm, by which he

he loſt very much Bloud. This ſad Spectacle, very far from cooling the Duke's Courage, inflam'd it more; he put himſelf in a poſture to ſecond the Wounded, when *Alphonſus*, who was too brave to engage with unequal ſtrength, ſmiling, pray'd the *Duke* not to oblige him to do an Action which would be always reproachful to him, although even he ſhould have the better of it. Then remounting his Horſe, he return'd the ſame way towards the Town upon a Hand-gallop. The noiſe of this Rancounter was ſpread abroad half an hour after, and came even to the Ears of the *King*, who gave command to *Alphonſus* to confine himſelf to his houſe, till new Orders.

Iphigenia heard, almoſt at the ſame time, the ſucceſs of *Alphonſus* his Arms. Whatſoever inclination ſhe had for this Prince, ſhe could not but compaſſionate the *Duke's* Fortune, whoſe Courage ſhe admir'd. She took

took his part in ſome ſort alſo againſt this young Rival, becauſe that ſhe heard that he inſolently vaunted of his advantage; ſhe ſuffered with regret that a young man ſhould inſult over one of ſo great Age, and conceiv'd for the *Duke* as high Sentiments of Eſteem, as ſhe had Love for *Alphonſus*. She receiv'd a Viſit from that Old Man that very ſame Evening, where he told her things that touch'd her very much.

'Twas after a ſerious Converſation that ſhe had had with him, where he had painted out the Advantages ſhe might draw from her Alliance, that ſhe paſs'd a part of the Night in meditating upon the *Duke*'s Propoſals. Amongſt other Reflections which ſhe made, ſhe conſidered that it would be always commendable to obey a Father who was more underſtanding in Affairs than her ſelf, and who only look'd after her Intereſts; that the Pleaſures of the Bed made not

up

up the greateſt Delights of Life; that if ſhe taſted not preſently of thoſe Sweets which wiſe men accounted but ſuperficial and imaginary, ſhe ſhould yet, after the death of a man within two inches of the Grave, in the middle of her Age, experience them; that *Alphonſus* paſs'd amongſt thoſe who kept him company, for a fantaſtick Spark, and raſh; and that it might be hazardous and troubleſome to ſacrifice her Liberty to a young man, who lov'd leſs on the account of Reaſon than Paſſion. Sleep having ſurpriz'd her in the midſt of theſe confuſed Thoughts, the firſt that poſſeſs'd her when ſhe was awake, was to make tryal by Wit and Addreſs, of the true Temper of *Alphonſus*; whereby ſhe reſolv'd to ſound his Heart by an Artifice that I ſhall tell you, after that I have deſcrib'd the Diſcourſe which ſhe had that day during ſome hours with the *Duke*.

She

She took a little reſt in the inner part of an Alcove, all alone. She was there reading ſome pages of a Romance which ſhe had in her hand, when the *Old Duke* was brought into her Chamber. He ſate down by her, and diſcours'd with her of indifferent ſubjects, till ſhe fetcht a ſigh, which made the Converſation change. He took it for a token of the deſire ſhe had to hear him to ſpeak of other matters, and 'twas that made him begin in this ſort: 'I know 'not, Madam, whether you have 'heard favourably the Declarations 'of Love that I have made you. I 'am perſwaded that you would be 'ſenſible of thoſe that ſhould be made 'you by Perſons of more merit and 'fewer years. It is true, that Youth 'has powerful Charms, and that old 'Age cannot but cauſe diſguſt to a 'young *Dutcheſs*, accompliſh'd as you 'are; but it muſt alſo be acknow-'ledg'd, that that has for its ſhare

'Tran-

'Tranſports of Anger and Fury, and
'this, Prudence and good Conduct.
'It is true moreover, that the firſt
'joyns to external Charms the Sub-
'tilties of Diſcourſe, and that the
'Language of the other is not very
'perſwaſive. Nevertheleſs, I have
'this advantage, Madam, above
'thoſe who may pretend to the ho-
'nour of your Alliance, that if I
'explain my ſelf more plainly, I
'ſpeak with more ſincerity. You
'may believe beſides, that if it be
'my good Fortune to poſſeſs you, I
'will endow you with all the Eſtate
'which Birth and Fortune have
'heap'd upon me. I ſhould be ne-
'vertheleſs in deſpair that the World
'ſhould one day reproach me with
'having done violence to your In-
'clination. You have in your
'young years more underſtanding
'than any Princeſs of this Court;
'and therefore you are of your ſelf
'capable of determining in an Affair

'of

'of this consequence. As for the 'rest, I can assure you, pursued he 'laughing, that against the custom 'of those of my years, I am neither 'troublesome nor jealous.

Iphigenia, who had till then kept silence through respect, answer'd the *Duke* with very much modesty, 'That 'she would think upon the things 'which he had urg'd to her; that his 'Reasons were very strong; and 'that in a little time he should know 'her Resolution. That as for the 'rest, she was infinitely oblig'd to 'him for the choice that he was 'pleas'd to make of her, in the midst 'of a Court where he might dispose 'absolutely of the Heart of the 'Fairest and most Accomplish'd of 'all those Princesses that made up its 'Delights. She pray'd him, pursuant to this Discourse when he took leave of her, 'to demand of the 'King the liberty of *Alphonsus*, which 'would not be refus'd him. I have

'a

'a ſtrong inclination, ſaid ſhe to him,
'to tax this Prince of Raſhneſs, to
'treat him with Haughtineſs, and to
'break off with him for ever, as lit-
'tle regard as he has to the Leſſons I
'ſhall preſcribe him.

Although this Intention to break with him was only conditional, the *Duke*, without troubling himſelf to dive into it, went to demand of the King *Alphonſus*'s liberty, and to intreat his Majeſty to permit him once more to ſee *Iphigenia*; which having obtain'd from his Mercy, he went himſelf to aſſure *Alphonſus* of the King's favour, to conjure him to forget what was paſt, and to inform him that the Princeſs *Iphigenia* deſired to ſee him.

This Prince was very much ſurpriz'd at the Advances of the *Duke*, which made him ſuſpicious of ſome Stratagem that he was contriving againſt him. Nevertheleſs, he thank'd him handſomly for the good Offices

that he had juſt then done him, and promis'd to go to receive the Orders of the *Dutcheſs*. He went to her Houſe two hours after, and *Iphigenia* was no ſooner inform'd of his arrival, but ſhe diſmiſt the Company that was with her.

The love which ſhe had had for this Prince, and which was not yet extinguiſh'd in her Heart, made her ſeem to feel very much joy at his return: 'Come, ſaid ſhe to him, ſmiling, 'wicked man, I have many 'things to tell you. Prepare your 'ſelf to hear ſuch as will be diſagree-'able to you. To which *Alphonſus* reply'd, 'A tender Princeſs cannot 'ſpeak harſh things; and were I as 'culpable as I am faithful, you could 'not ſo handle me, that your Morti-'fications would be of force to make 'me repent of my Crime, becauſe 'you would mortifie me with ſo 'good a grace, that I ſhould always 'eſteem my ſelf Innocent. You are

'too

'too presumptious, added *Iphigenia*,
'and I believe you will change your
'mind at the Propositions I have to
'make you. You may try me, Ma-
'dam, pursued he, as much as you
'please; I flatter my self to be able
'to justifie what I have said. Very
'well, continued the Dutchess, since
'you have so strong a Wit, and that
'I see you arm'd against all sorts of
'Attaques, sit you down there, and
'delay not to answer me. They had
no sooner taken Seats, but she said to
him, 'The business is, my Lord *Al-*
'*phonsus*, that you give your Con-
'sent that I become your Rival's
'Wife. I believe I need not tell you
'that the Admiral is a man solid and
'interessed, who will never consent
'to our Alliance; that he will make
'me marry the Duke *Alvero*, whose
'great Wealth is able to uphold our
'Family; and that the King will a-
'gree to no other Match. Let me
'then do a thing against my Inclina-

'tion: Permit me to put a man in 'his Grave that cannot live longer 'almoſt, that we may be in a better 'condition to paſs our five times hap-'pily and quietly. You need not 'doubt but to find me always the 'ſame in Body and in Mind. Thus 'I do not properly break with you, 'I only propoſe a delay that may laſt 'but a very little time.

Although it is true that *Alphonſus* did not expect a Complement of this nature, having a little conſulted with himſelf, and appear'd for ſome time thoughtful, believing himſelf baniſh'd from the Heart of *Iphigenia*, he would ſhew her that he was as in-different as ſhe was changeable, and 'twas that which put this Anſwer in his mouth. 'Are theſe, Madam, the 'Promiſes of an inviolable Fidelity. 'Have you ſo ſoon forgot the mutu-'al Proteſtations which we have 'made? Can I believe that you have 'lov'd, ſince you now ceaſe from 'loving?

'loving? What can I hope from a 'Flame which is extinguiſh'd in the 'heat of its vigour? No, Madam, I 'cannot, without dying, ſee you in 'the Arms of a Rival, if you do not 'promiſe me that the Marriage which 'you are contriving ſhall only ſerve 'as a Vail to the Favours which you 'will grant me. *Alphonſus* thought he might very well inſult over the Princeſs's Vertue, ſince ſhe ſeem'd to have no more love for him. *Iphigenia* offended at ſo inſolent an Anſwer, diſſembled then and reply'd nothing, only that he ſhould have cauſe to praiſe her Fidelity. They parted thereupon diſſatisfied with each other, inſomuch that ſome Servants perceiv'd that *Alphonſus* ſhook his head, and muttered between his teeth at the foot of the great Stair-caſe.

After ſo ſurpriſing a Propoſal, *Alphonſus* abated much in the Sentiments of Eſteem which he had for the *Princeſs*, who became almoſt in-

different to him; and *Iphigenia* after a Propoſition ſo offenſive, ſhew'd her coldneſs to *Alphonſus*, who did all he could to turn the *Duke en Ridicule*, and to render the *Dutcheſs* the Object of the Court-Raillery. He compos'd Verſes for this effect which he ſpread every-where, under an unknown Name, wherein he deſcrib'd the ridiculous Fires of an Old Man, and the Infidelity of his Miſtriſs. Here is a Copy of them, agreeable to the Original.

Upon an Old Man in love with an Inconſtant Princeſs.

An EPIGRAM.

A Duke, within two inches of the Grave,
His Head with Snow quite cover'd o're,
To carry on a new Amour,
Uſes all means the Fair One to engage.

This

This Candle that's juſt ready to expire,
Is in a Dutcheſs's falſe Heart
Worthily ſuffered to have part,
Who does againſt his liberty conſpire.

She by this means has all her Heart can wiſh;
For Death the Duke will ſoon remove,
And then this Weather-cock of Love,
Who change affects, will chuſe another Diſh.

Theſe Verſes made noiſe enough to come to the knowledge of the *Duke*, and of her who was made the ſubject of them; upon which ſhe threatned *Alphonſus* to play him an ill trick for it: he betrayed the Secret which he owed to *Iphigenia*'s truſt in him, and manifeſted his Levity, in making the Letter publick; wherein this poor Lady declaim'd againſt the rigour of Deſtiny, which ordain'd for her an impotent Old Man. *Iphigenia* outrag'd at ſuch a

proceeding, went to complain to the Princess *Christina*, who told her, 'That 'she ought to have known better '*Alphonsus*'s humour, before she had 'trusted him; that he was the most 'giddy-headed Lover in the World, 'and a young man without discre-'tion, who considered not, provided 'he could divert himself, at whose 'cost it were; that she was in the 'same apprehension on the score of 'such a like indiscreet Spark, to 'whom she had entrusted something 'which she would very fain keep 'secret; that it was not very difficult 'to make this Letter pass for coun-'terfeit; and that as to the rest, she 'should refer her self to common 'Report; that Calumny was the 'Vice of Courts, and that she should 'be before assur'd of the truth of the 'Fact, from his own Confession, who 'had been accounted the Author of 'the Report. *Iphigenia*, who reliſh'd these Reasons, represented to the

Princess.

Princeſs *Chriſtina*, that to tax *Alphonſus* of it, were to expoſe her ſelf to new Railleries; that he would be cunning enough to deny the thing, and malicious enough to adde Satyr upon Satyr, and to divert himſelf with her Fears.

Whilſt our intimate Princeſſes were deliberating together of the means to avoid hazarding themſelves with *Alphonſus*, in extorting the truth from him, the *Duke* came to pay a Viſit to the Princeſs *Chriſtina*, with whom he hop'd to find *Iphigenia*, who made her the Repoſitary of all her Secerets. He entred, they diſcours'd for ſome time together, every one was in a good humour, when the Converſation having turn'd upon the Chapter of the *Duke*'s Marriage with *Iphigenia*, the Old Man to whom ſhe had as it were engag'd her Faith, told her, 'That he was too much her 'Friend, and too ſincere to conceal a-'ny thing from her. And drew a

Paper

Paper out of his Pocket which was an exact Copy of the Letter which we have been ſpeaking of, wherein *Iphigenia* ſhew'd her averſion for the *Duke*, on the back of which *Alphonſus* his Verſes were written.

The reading of the Epigram in the firſt place, mortifi'd *Iphigenia* in the higheſt degree. But that which confounded her, was the ſhock which that Letter gave her, which Love had heretofore dictated to her, and which Treachery had now made publick. The Princeſs *Chriſtina*, who ſaw her in this perplexity, drew her out of trouble, in making pleaſant Reflections upon that Letter. *Iphigenia* believing it would be to her advantage to turn the buſineſs into Raillery, grew pleaſant in her turn, and own to the *Duke*, 'That ſhe 'was the Author of that Letter; that 'in reality, the firſt propoſal that 'had been made her of an Alliance 'with him, had made her wild at the 'time

'time that ſhe had an Inclination 'for *Alphonſus*: But that this fault 'ought to be forgiven her; that it 'was a proof of her Conſtancy and 'Fidelity; that having never had the 'honour to have been in his compa-'ny, ſhe had given way too much to 'the Impreſſion which his Age made 'on her Spirit; and that as the Fire 'which is difficult to be kindled, is 'likewiſe difficult to be extinguiſh'd, 'the greater Averſion ſhe had for him 'before ſhe knew him, the greater 'Eſteem ſhe had conceiv'd for him 'ſince ſhe had known him, and that 'this Eſteem ſhould never be blotted 'out. She ſpoke too well, and de-fended her ſelf with too much Wit, not to obtain her Pardon. The Old Man tore the Letter, and diſcours'd no more of any thing, but of demand-ing ſatisfaction from *Alphonſus*.

They might freely conſult of the means to be reveng'd of him in the preſence of the Princeſs his Siſter.

For

For beſides that ſhe lov'd him not, the hopes to become the onely Heireſs of her Family, made her deſire his death. They concluded then that the Count St. *Angelo*, the *Duke's* Nephew, ſhould challenge *Alphonſus*, and that they ſhould decide together the difference that was between them. 'I will go ſend for him 'this Evening, ſaid the Old Man; 'you will inſpire him with a Spirit 'of Revenge; and although I eſteem 'him valiant, I doubt not but he will 'become a hundred times fiercer, 'when you ſhall your ſelf have put 'your Intereſts into his hands. It 'will be an honour to fall in my 'ſervice, and in the Quarrel of that 'Perſon whom I moſt honour. According to this Promiſe, the *Duke* withdrew, and left the two confident Princeſſes at liberty to reſume their Converſation.

They judg'd it convenient, after ſome deliberation, to ſend for *Alphonſus*,

phonſus, who came to them an hour after. The Princeſs *Chriſtina*, as ſoon as he was ſate down, began to ſpeak, by asking him, when he would give over abuſing his Relations, and when he would leave the World in Repoſe. He was going to reply ſomething, when *Iphigenia*, impatient, without any tranſport of Anger, call'd him Perfidious, and put into his hands the pieces of the Copy of the Letter which had been torn but a little before. This Letter was ſo diſpers'd, that he knew not the Character of the Perſon who had tranſcrib'd it. He pretended to be ignorant of what it was, and employ'd above half an hour in ſeeming to fit again the pieces of Paper, though he ſtill plac'd them wrong. *Iphigenia* perceiving that he miſtook on purpoſe, took the pieces again out of his hand, and told him, that they contain'd the Copy of a Letter which ſhe had through confidance writ to him: That

That ſhe could never have thought that he had been ſo baſe to divulge it, and to employ his Pen in compoſing the moſt bloudy Railleries that could be read. That it could never be any Credit for him to be reveng'd after ſo baſe a manner, of a Perſon whoſe tender Sentiments he had not been acquainted with. *Alphonſus*, counterfeiting aſtoniſhment, ſeem'd to underſtand nothing of *Iphigenia*'s diſcourſe, and thereupon ſhe her ſelf fitted the pieces of the Letter, ſo that they might be read. He ſwore after a great exclamation, that that Treachery ſhould coſt the Keeper of his Wardrobe his Life. That that Letter had been ſtollen out of his Pocket; that he would puniſh the boldneſs of the Author of this Crime, and proteſted that for his part he was innocent of what he was accuſed of. His Hypocriſie was too viſible: His Excuſes were not at all receiv'd, and he endeavour'd in vain to juſtifie himſelf.

ſelf. There was no Trick which he made not uſe of, to diſſwade *Iphigenia* even to the ſhedding of Tears: He threw himſelf on his Knees, and asked her Pardon for a Fault which he would efface with the Bloud of any Man, and for the expiation of which, he would voluntarily give his own, were he guilty of it. 'Tis not that 'which I demand, ſaid *Iphigenia*, you 'will never kill the guilty; if you 'ſpare him who terms himſelf in-'nocent, we expected ſuch-like Ju-'ſtifications. Know that I ſolemnly 'retract the Word that I have given 'you. Take what's paſs'd for a 'Foolery; you ſhall know towards 'the Evening the cauſe for which I 'have intreated you to come hither, 'To morrow you ------ She was going on further, when the Princeſs *Chriſtina* having pull'd her by the Arm, made her ſtop there. *Alphonſus*, who underſtood by half a word what ſhe was about to ſay, roſe up

as

as ſoon as ſhe was ſilent, and ſaluting the company, told her, *To morrow, Madam, to morrow whatever you pleaſe.* He thereupon withdrew and was juſt getting into his Coach, when the *Count de St. Angelo* entred. This Rencounter made him ſuſpect that it was he with whom they threatned him. But he was in no great trouble, and he went home to expect with patience what was meant by that word, *To morrow.*

St. *Angelo* had ſcarce preſented himſelf before theſe Princeſſes, when *Iphigenia* ſaid to him, 'I doubt not, 'Sir, but you are already inform'd 'what I demand from your gene-'rous Friendſhip; you know how 'Alphonſus has offended me, and 'how much the Duke has reaſon to 'complain of him: The buſineſs is 'to demand ſatisfaction of this inju-'rious Prince. He is valiant, and 'will accept all Challenges. If my 'Intereſts affect you, you will not

'be

'be troubled that I have made choice
'of you as of an undaunted Lord,
'whose Courage is universally known.
'Are you dispos'd to second my In-
'tentions, and to fight for the Duke's
'Honour. I am fully resolved of
'it, Madam, reply'd the Count, if
'you do me right, you ought to be
'perswaded of it, before I assure
'you of it. Prince *Alphonsus* uses
'you after a very uncivil manner.
'All the Court blames him, and will
'without doubt approve the design
'which you project with Justice, and
'which I shall endeavour to execute
'with all the Ardour I am capable
'of. After whatever manner things
'go, whose success we cannot fore-
'see, pursued *Iphigenia*, I shall be
'sensibly indebted to you all my
'Life. Send then this Evening to
'advertise *Alphonsus* to meet you to
'morrow with his Pistol, accompa-
'ny'd with his Second, between the
'hours of Seven and Eight, at a

'place which you ſhall appoint him.
'You ſhall find at your Lodging, at
'the time appointed, the Perſon who
'will be your Second.

This was enough for Count *Angelo*, who, beſides theſe Conſiderations, had on his own ſcore Reaſons for Enmity againſt the Prince *Alphonſus*, with whom he had a hundred times ſought an occaſion of quarrelling. He took leave of the *Princeſſes*, after he had teſtified very civilly to the *Dutcheſs*, that he had the greateſt Obligations in the World to her, that ſhe had judg'd him worthy to maintain her quarrel. *Iphigenia* at laſt took leave of the Princeſs, to whom ſhe ſaid, That ſhe was going to think of a Comrade for St. *Angelo*.

This generous Maid (who had more Courage than is uſually found in her Sex) believ'd ſhe could not find any Perſon whatſoever that could revenge her Honour with more Valour than her ſelf, Arm'd with

the

the resolution of a *Heroine*, she sent to borrow the Habit of a Cavalier, which she put on the next day. She provided a Case of Pistols, of which she made tryal, and took Coach early in the Morning, accompany'd only with a Gentleman Usher, who imagined nothing else, but that she was going to some Hunting Match, whom she dismiss'd as soon as she was alighted at the Count of St. *Angelo's* Lodgings.

That Count, who immediately knew her in this Equipage, was very much surpriz'd when she told him the resolution she had of demanding satisfaction her self of her Treacherous Gallant. He endeavour'd by all the pressings Reasons in the World, to make her alter her thoughts. But he found so much opposition on her part, and so much eagerness, that he was flatter'd with the hopes of seeing her a Conquerour. They both eat a light Breakfast, equipped themselves, moun-

ted on Horseback, and went to the place appointed, where *Alphonsus* was before them half a quarter of an hour.

As far off as *Iphigenia* could discern him, she took her Pistol in her hand, and made him a signal to make ready, not being willing to be detain'd by all the common Ceremonies, for fear of being known. But *Alphonsus* cry'd out, that that was not the custom here; that they ought not to fight without agreeing before on what Conditions. Then they approached each other, and St. *Angelo* having shew'd *Alphonsus* the unknown Cavalier who was to fight with him, he so attentively considered the Face of the Person would duel him, that he knew *Iphigenia* under her disguise. He then chang'd Colour, and our *Dutchess Cavalier* having observ'd it, levell'd her Pistol at him: He escap'd the shot of her Pistol, and having shot off his into the Air, he cry'd out, What is

'it you, adorable Dutcheſs? is it you 'that would take away my life? If 'I have merited Death, I conſent to 'loſe it, and that you ſhould take 'it from me, without diſputing it 'with you. It will be always glo-'rious for me to fall under the 'ſtroaks of a Heroine. *Iphigenia*, incens'd then, replied, 'No, Ungrate-'ful, I have not ſo mean a Soul, as 'thou haſt a perfidious Heart. How 'thirſty ſoever I am for thy Bloud, 'I am not reſolv'd to drink it, until 'I have juſtly ſpilt it. Defend thy-'ſelf like a gallant man; and if thou 'haſt any Eſteem for me, either de-'prive me of Life, or furniſh me with 'fair means to take it away from 'thee.

How great a mind ſoever our *Amazon* made appear to fight, ſhe could never obtain from *Alphonſus* the ſatisfaction which ſhe deſired. The Seconds, after their Example, would not diſcharge; and *Alphonſus* repre-

ſented to them, that they could not gain Honour in a Combat ſo ſingular. Our Illuſtrious *Heroine* did an Act which would have been blamed in any other but a Woman; for hurried away by her ſpight, having clapp'd the muzzle of her Piſtol to *Alphonſus'* Horſe's head, ſhe ſhot three Bullets into it, wherewith he fell under the Cavalier that rid him. *Alphonſus* could not ſave himſelf, in the fall, from a Sinew-ſtrain, wherewith he was incommoded a long time. As ſoon as he was on the ground, he laugh'd and ſaid calmly to the *Dutcheſs*, *You have diſmounted me, Madam, you have bore away the honour of the Combat.*

There paſs'd nothing more remarkable in this occaſion; each one return'd Home; and this Expedition was immediately divulg'd at Court, where ſhe was call'd no more the *Dutcheſs*, but the *Handſom Cavalier*. The Princeſs *Chriſtina*, whom *Iphi-*

genia

genia had not pre-acquainted with her design of disguising her self, was extreamly surpriz'd when she heard what had pass'd. She was so impatient to hear the recital of the Adventure from the *Dutchess*'s own mouth, that she went to her Lodgings to see her as soon as she had an inkling of it. She immediately commended her for the greatness of her Soul, and her undauntedness, and at last conjured her to make her a Relation of the Action. She inform'd her of all the Circumstances of it, and was still discoursing with her on that subject, when *Alphonsus*, who was unwilling to be seen, entred the House by the Garden-gate, and ascended by the back Stairs to the Chamber where they were. *Emelia*, who had seen him cross a little Court, run to acquaint the *Princesses* with his Arrival, so that *Iphigenia* had had time to hide her self behind the Hangings, from whence she could

hear the Conversation of the *Princess* and *Alphonsus* her Brother. He suspected that his Sister would have the curiosity to learn the History of the design'd Combat. He told it her like a Cavalier, he extoll'd at first *Iphigenia*'s Courage, whom he afterwards call'd a Rash Woman. As he was beginning to grow hot upon her account, she could forbear no longer: She came out from the place where she was hidden, and said to him fiercely, If it is true that I have wanted Conduct, it hath been because I have spar'd a Coward who did not deserve to live. But it is no matter; it is more glorious to conquer ones Resentments than to let it break out. I have shew'd you, that I am sensible of the Injuries. If I have preserv'd your Life, when at the hazard of some light Reproaches, I could have taken it from you; I may say, that I have given you it to leave you time to repent

of your Ingratitude, and that you may be punish'd as often as you see her whom you have so basely betray'd. *Alphonsia*, whom the unexpected presence of *Iphigenia* had not a little surpriz'd, was much troubled, to reply to the harsh things which she had said to him. He no more justify'd himself, and was contented to reply to her, Yes, Madam, I owe you my life, and I believe you have spar'd it, only to publish your generosity. I will own freely to you, that the Passion to which your Charms had given birth, hath not been able to brook a Rival. In effect, Madam, was it not a very hard thing, to have been able to boast of having been heard favourably by the most Accomplish'd Princess of *Europe*, to have been congratulated a thousand times by all the Court for this Honour, to have acted nothing that I know of which hath blemished the profound

Respect

'Respect that is due to her divine 'Qualities, and nevertheless, to see 'ones self forc'd to give consent, that 'another should enjoy a Beauty for 'which one had sigh'd all his Life. 'They are these Considerations, and 'this Pill so hard to swallow, that 'hath made me forget my self. Hence 'our breach of Friendship began: 'These in fine, are the Considerati-'ons that have brought things to 'the extremity in which they are. 'What, interrupted *Iphigenia*, is it 'not then permitted to put a Lover 'to the Tryal? Ought you to take 'things in a wrong sence? My ways 'of indifference ought, instead of 'cooling, to animate your Pursuits. 'I pretended to flie, and you have 'immediately forsaken me. What 'Zeal, what Ardour, or rather what 'weak and feeble Passion, it is then 'when I seem'd to escape from you, 'that you should signalize your 'Love. You ought to pray, conjure,

'and

'and fix by your Fidelity, my pre-
'tended Inconſtancy: You ought to
'be more aſſiduous, to write Elegies,
'to ſigh, and ſhed Tears.

When a ſtrong Paſſion doth Mens Hearts inſpire,
And they a tempting Beauty do adore,
They ſigh, look pale, and languiſh with deſire;
But you nor ſigh, or languiſh any more.

As there is nothing ſo Eloquent as a witty Woman in Love, *Iphigenia* had never appear'd to Prince *Alphonſus* ſo Eloquent as that very day. After he had heard her, he threw himſelf at her Feet, and with Tears in his Eyes, cry'd out, 'Pardon, Divine 'Dutcheſs, pardon. You are inno-'cent, and I am culpable; I will ſhut 'my Eyes to all that may make me 'queſtion your Fidelity. How hap-

'py

'py should I be, if you were so in-
'dulgent as to account of what is
'past as a Dream! How should I
'bless my Stars, if I could yet enter
'again into your favour! Com-
'mand, Madam, what punishment
'you please for the expiation of my
'Crime. There is none so rigorous,
'to which I will not submit: There
'is nothing that I will not under-
'take and perform, if you assure me
'of my Pardon. He spoke from the bottom of his heart, and his Sighs were such infallible Testimonies of it, that *Iphigenia* was mollified at the sight of his submissions. If he wept, she shed Tears; so that their common Grief became of that character which Violence renders dumb. She recover'd her self at last, and permitted him to pretend to be still belov'd.

The Quarrels of Lovers are oftimes Motives to, and Renewings of Love. *Iphigenia*, after this humble

satisfaction

satisfaction from *Alphonsus*, lov'd him in appearance more tenderly than ever, at least he flatter'd himself so. He suffered himself to be so strongly pre-possess'd with this opinion, that there was not a day past, but he visited her at the *Princess* her Sisters Lodgings, whither she went every day. Nevertheless, he was too much lost in her favour, to be so easily re-establish'd there. A Passion extinguish'd, is seldom reviv'd in a witty Womans Heart, and those of that character hardly forget the resentment of Injuries once receiv'd. *Alphonsus* his Treason had made a deep impression in *Iphigenia*'s mind, and wrought unanimously with certain natural motions, which will grow more sensible in the conclusion to render him the Object of her Indifference.

Alphonsus was alone in the Kings Chamber, when News was brought to his *Majesty*, that the Duke of *Al-*

varo who had withdrawn two days ſince to his Caſtle ſix Leagues from the City, died ſuddenly that very day. He thought that at the recital of this News he might judge of the Dutcheſs's Inclination on his account. He went to her Lodgings at the ordinary time, where he found the *Princeſſes* conferring together. He meditated ſometime upon the Air that he ſhould affect, and what courſe he ſhould take to acquaint them with what he had newly learnt. *Iphigenia* obſerving him more ſilent than ordinary, asked him, What cauſe could render him ſo melancholy, him whom all the World commended for his good humour. 'I am troubled, replied he, at a Loſs which all 'the Court ſhould be ſenſible of, and 'which with I make no queſtion, af'flict you. The Duke of *Alvaro* is 'dead this morning in the Caſtle 'which bears his Name. I have 'learnt the News of it from the ſame

'Courrier

Courrier which hath brought it to his Majesty.

Whether *Iphigenia* had never had much inclination for that Lord, or that she would dissemble to make good a Fidelity which was but pretended to Prince *Alphonsus*, she seem'd not to be much troubled for his Death, she only said, That Count St. *Angelo*'s Nephew, who was his only Heir, would be a good Match, and that though he were not handsome, the great Estate which was fallen to him, would very much adorn him. That was all that was said then on the occasion of the Deceas'd, in whom *Alphonsus* lost the greatest, but not the most to be fear'd, of his Rivals.

This *Prince*, who whilst the late *Duke* courted *Iphigenia*, with approbation had had all sort of access to her, fear'd that his Majesty, at the Queens sollicitation, might renew his former Prohibitions to him not to see her. He prevented her, and

conjured

conjured his Goodneſs to permit him to render his Aſſiduities to that *Dutcheſs*, ſince he preſum'd the *Admiral* the Dutcheſs's Father would no more reject his Alliance. The *King* having learnt that the *Admiral* left to his Daughter the abſolute liberty of the choice of a Husband, gratified *Alphonſus*'s Requeſt, ſo that he ſpent every Afternoon with his Miſtriſs.

About that time there arriv'd at the Court two young *Princes* from the Borders of *Italy*, Twins, very well made as to their Perſons, and able to make a great Figure. They made themſelves preſently eminent by their Magnificence, and took a pride in converſing with the moſt Witty of the Court-Ladies. The Dutcheſs, *Alphonſus*'s Miſtriſs, was continually viſited by the younger, who had as much Briſkneſs, and as little Judgment, as his elder Brother, who courted the Princeſs *Chriſtina*, had

had Wit and Fineneſs of Thought.

Although this young Prince frequented *Iphigenia* only to paſs away ſome agreeable moments, without carrying his deſires further, *Alphonſus* took *Umbrage* at it, and labour'd under ſo ſtrong a Jealouſie, that he fell ſick upon it. The *Dutcheſs* aſſur'd him, what ſhe could, that ſhe found nothing amiable in that *Neopolitan*; that onely complaiſance, and the thoughts that he would quickly leave the Court, made her approve of his Viſits. Her abſence from the Princeſs *Chriſtina's* Houſe, whither ſhe went every day before the arrival of thoſe Princes, and the whole Afternoons which ſhe gave to the Charms of that ſtrange Prince's Converſation, made him fear all, from the familiarity which begun to be between them. He proceeded ſo far, that one day he had the confidence to ask him, If he caſt his Eyes on the *Dutcheſs*, and if he pretended to her Alliance? To

whom the Prince anſwer'd, That he was not yet ſufficiently acquainted with Madam *Iphigenia*, to diſcover whether ſhe would receive Addreſſes of Love from him; but that he would attempt to puſh on his Fortune. This Anſwer threw *Alphonſus* into a fearful Melancholly. All things ſeem'd to him to concur to deſtroy him in the Breaſt of that Fair One; and he really believ'd, by the coldneſs which ſhe expreſs'd to him, that her Inclinations were only for the Stranger. That handſome *Neopolitan* judging well by *Alphonſus*'s Demand, who had ever *Iphigenia*'s Name in his Mouth, that he courted this Dutcheſs, jeſted at it the very firſt Viſit that he made her. He made a deſcription to her of this Lover's Paſſion, under a young Lord's name with whom he ſaid he was acquainted at *Venice*; and being intreated to tell his Name to the whole Company, he ſooner hit upon that of his Miſtriſs than his, which

which he was never able to call to mind; which made the Dutchess tell him, That he should have imprinted it stronger in his mind; but that she believed the greatest part of the Histories which were related of such Amours, were a little fabulous. 'I 'daily read some of this nature, pur-'sued she, to which I can hardly give 'credit. Here the *Neopolitan* reply'd, 'It is true, Madam, that the Poets 'have feign'd such-like Passions: But 'History will furnish us with an in-'finity of undoubted Examples in the 'most famous Persons of Antiquity. 'Have we not seen one of the *Cato's* 'forget what he was, and enter into 'an Alliance with a Maid who had 'neither Riches nor Birth? Did not '*Pisistratus*, the *Athenian* Tyrant, 'marry a Country Girl? What did 'not *Pompey* the Great for *Flora?* Did 'not *Julius Cæsar*, after fifty Battles 'won, yield to the Charms of a *Ser-*'*vitia?* The History of the Death of

'of *Anthony*, who lov'd *Cleopatra*, is 'sufficiently known to you. Did not the 'Conqueror of *Asia* love exceſſively that 'Campaſpe whom for the overcoming 'of himſelf, he gave to the famous 'Painter *Apelles*? To what ſubmiſ-'ſions did not the Charms *Polioratia* 'reduce *Philip*? without ſpeaking 'of the impreſſion which the Beauty 'of *Uria*'s Wife made upon the Royal 'Prophets heart. Who does not----- He was going on ſtill to lay open the like Litanies, and as impertinently, when the Dutcheſs interrupting him, told him, 'I know not what he has 'not done, nor the truth of theſe Hi-'ſtories at the bottom; but of what 'I know, and of which I am fully 'convinc'd, is, that you have an ex-'cellent memory, and that there is 'never a Pedant in all this Kingdom, 'that dare diſpute with you the glo-'ry of having heap'd up more words 'in his Head. Have you never heard 'that the like Paſſions are common

'to

'to the *Monomotapoez*, and the *Topi-*
'*nambri?* added she. Are there Wo-
'men, Sir, as fooliſh as Men on this
'account? This young Lord not having the wit to find out the Dutches Raillery upon his inclination to ſhew his Reading, fell a laughing, and continued his Diſcourſe by an innumeration as fit to be laugh'd at. 'Women, ſaid he, Madam, are not ex-
'empt from this Weakneſs; and if I
'remember, *Phædra* lov'd *Hippolitus*
'even to exceſs: *Atalanta, Hippoma-*
'*nes*; *Galathea, Atis*; *Egeria, Numa*;
'*Circe, Glaucbus*; *Penelopo, Ulyſſes*;
'*Hypſicrata, Mithridates*; *Portia,*
'*Brutus*; *Julia, Pompey*; *Phocris, Ce-*
'*phetus*. He ſtopt, and would have ſtaid there, when *Iphigenia* roſe up, took a Book which lay upon the Table, and having open'd it, ſaid to him, 'Liſten, Sir; you know not yet all
'this Romance by heart, you forget
'that *Semiramis* lov'd *Ninus* exceſſive-
'ly; *Biblis*, her Brother; *Mirra*, her

'Father; *Calphurnia*, *Appian*; *Ser-*
'*villia*, *Lucullus*; and others yet,
'with which these two Pages are full.
'But let us return, I beseech you,
'said she, to our first discourse. On
'what occasion have you made so
'many fine Remarks? On a Prince's
'occasion who adores you, reply'd he,
'and is horribly melancholy, because
'I take the freedom to come to you
'so often to pay you my Respects:
'On *Alphonsus* his occasion, the most
'passionate, and the most jealous of
'all your Lovers. How! pursued
'she, does that Prince love me at the
'cost of his Reason? I can hardly per-
'swade my self, that so prudent a
'Lord cannot put bounds to Passion.
'Let us experiment what you say,
'and to that end do you meet me to
'morrow at the Princess *Christina*'s
'House, and put him insensibly upon
'this Chapter, and endeavour to rally
'him so fiercely that his Jealousie
'may serve for Divertisement to the

'Circle

'Circle which we ſhall form. Do you
'make upon him the Epitaph of a Jea-
'lous man. This young Lord, who had
not yet gained experience enough of
the World, to foreſee that he was go-
ing himſelf to become the May-game
of others, promiſed the *Dutcaeſs* to
prepare himſelf upon that ſubject, and
withdrew very well content with that
Propoſal, and with himſelf.

In the mean time *Iphigenia* went
the ſame Evening to diſcourſe with
the Princeſs *Chriſtina*, whom ſhe in-
treated to agree to a Comedy the
next day at her houſe, where a young
indiſcreet Spark and a jealous Lover
would appear upon the Stage: After
that, ſhe told her all that was paſs'd;
and ask'd her if the eldeſt of the two
Brothers *Manfeldi*, made her no Pro-
poſals, as the Report went. 'He has,
'reply'd the Princeſs, and ſuch preſſing
'ones, that it is almoſt no more time
'to act the Indifferent, without abſo-
'lutely diſcouraging him; which I

'ſhould be averſe from doing, for the 'reaſons of good Breeding, although I 'have but little inclination for him. 'When he ſees me not, I am peſtered 'with his Letters. He hath gained, 'through his liberality, all my Do-'meſticks even to *Cornelia*, and all the 'World will implant tenderneſs in me 'for that young Prince. I acknow-'ledge that he has Wit, and very fine 'Qualities: but in fine, there is not '*I know not what*, which captivates; 'and I cannot believe that ever he 'will obtain me with my good will. 'When the Fancy takes me to marry, 'I will make choice of a Prince in 'whom nothing ſhall be wanting that 'may render him infinitely lovely to 'me, and worthy to be beloved eter-'nally. I ſhould be of your Taſt, in-terrupted *Iphigenia* in this place, 'if 'Marriage could charm me; and if I 'am not deceiv'd, I know a *Prince* 'who hath all that you can deſire: 'He loves you, he adores you, and

'bears

'bears you so deep a Respect, that he 'durst not discover his Passion; and 'if it does bring him to you one day, 'it will not be till he shall see you re-'solv'd to love. What is he, reply'd immediately the Princess, 'can I love 'an unknown person? She had scarce made an end of speaking, when *Alphonsus* entring the Chamber, diverted their discourse.

Iphigenia had no sooner perceiv'd him, than she told him laughing, 'Poor 'jealous Creature, they endeavour al-'ready at your Epitaph; you are a 'dead man, if we may believe the I-'talian *Cadet*. You have a trouble-'some Rival in him, who will give 'you no repose. You will be put to 'the Test to morrow. Prepare your 'self to sustain a thousand fine At-'tacks, for the Enemy who is to en-'gage you, has an infinite stock of 'Wit. *Alphonsus* taking the word here, said, 'It is then, Madam, since 'he hath the honour to frequent you,

'that

'that he hath gain'd it. You are very fit to have communicated it to him. Raillery apart, Prince, added *Iphigenia*, the youngeſt of our *Neopolitans* will make you paſs for a jealous Perſon. He came to me upon your account to relate a Hiſtory the moſt ſilly in the World, which was followed with very many other things yet more ridiculous. He is a young man juſt come from the Univerſity, of a good memory, but wanting yet diſcretion and underſtanding. He is a preſumptuous Novice, who thinks himſelf ignorant of nothing. In fine, he is a pretended Droll, who to morrow will turn you into Ridicule. We will divert our ſelves with his Boyiſhneſs and Extravagances. Fail not to come hither to morrow after Dinner. You ſhall ſuffer him immediately to diſcourſe, and lead him inſenſibly to the ſubject that I will put on foot. Pray, above all things, do not drive him to a nonplus, but

'rather

'rather ſeem to like of all that he ſhall 'offer to your conſideration. *Alphonſus*, to whom what was ſaid, had reſtor'd his ordinary Tranquillity, promis'd to execute all that was ordered him by the *Dutcheſs*. He was about to withdraw the moſt ſatisfied of Lovers, when the eldeſt of the *Neopolitans* ſent to ask if the Princeſs *Chriſtina* might be viſited. He came too ſeaſonably not to be admitted. Our two Princeſſes intreated *Alphonſus* to keep them company a little longer, but he begg'd them to diſpenſe with him, under pretext of having buſineſs of the greateſt conſequence. The *Neopolitan* meeting him upon the Staircaſe, complemented him, and told him, That he was very unhappy not to have come ſooner, becauſe he ſhould have had the advantage of his Converſation for ſome time. *Alphonſus* made anſwer to his Civility, and intreated him to put off the Match to the morrow, that ſome perſons would form

a Circle at his Sisters, where he should meet him without fail. Then they took leave of one another, after having contested to whom the upper hand should be given at parting.

The Lover of the Princess *Christina* had acquired Acquaintance sufficient with her, not longer to be oblig'd to all those superstitious Formalities which are observ'd at the meeting of Great Persons. At his entrance into the Chamber he saluted those Princesses, and addressing himself to her who was the Object of his Vows, he said to her, 'Am I not unhappy, Madam, to 'have desired a hundred times to be in 'the Prin. *Alphonsus*'s company at your 'Lodgings, and to have miss'd this day 'so narrowly the opportunity of satisfying my desire. You will recover 'it to morrow, reply'd she with the 'same Familiarity, if you will meet 'here. Your Brother has promis'd 'to Regale us with the Recital of some 'Verses, and some other Gallantry.

As

As this young *Prince* was very Eloquent above all things on the ſubject of Love, the two hours which he ſpent in theſe Ladies company, he talked only of *ſympathy* of motions of *Tenderneſs*, of the means to pleaſe, and of the ſweetneſs of a lovely *Union*. He withdrew very late, ſo that our intimate *Princeſſes* had very little time to entertain themſelves upon the ſubject of this Lover. Things not being ſo advanced, but they could diſcourſe of him any other day at their leiſure, *Iphigenia* embraced her Companion, and remounted her Coach.

She return'd next day to the *Princeſſes*, where ſhe was preceded by *Alphonſus*, and follow'd a little time after by the two *Neopolitans*. The Dutcheſs *Iphigenia* opened the Converſation, in praying the younger of the two Brothers to keep his word, and to let them ſee the Epitaph which he had promis'd them on a jealous man. He defended himſelf ſometime by a

ſort

ſort of affected modeſty, from expoſing Verſes, of which they would without doubt ſuſpect him to be the Author, and drew them at laſt out of his Pocket, after having ſaid, *That thoſe that were infected with this Diſtemper, were doubly unhappy, becauſe inſtead of moving compaſſion, they were on the contrary, the Laughing-ſtock of the whole World.*

The Epitaph of a Jealous Man.

Here in this Tomb a Jealous perſon lies,
Who of all Sots and Blockheads was the Prince;
His Heart his Miſtriſs purchas'd with her Eyes,
His Happineſs his Rivals have ſhar'd ſince.

Paſſen-

Paſſengers, don't his Deſtiny bewail;
A Jealous man deſerves no pity ſure:
His fears were groundleſs, yet could nought prevail
O're his Juſpitions, till Death wrought his Cure.

Theſe Verſes ſeem'd not to the Company ill turn'd, every one prais'd them; and *Alphonſus*, who knew himſelf the Subject of them, gave them his approbation. *Iphigenia* pray'd the Author of the Epitaph, to give her all the ſence which it contain'd; which he did more pedantickly than a Regent of a Colledge would have done. *Alphonſus* remembring the Order he had receiv'd the day before, was impatient that *Iphigenia* would ſet a foot the Subject upon which ſhe was deſirous to hear this Parrat diſcourſe. That ſubtile *Dutcheſs* had no trouble to bring this diſcourſe to the point ſhe deſired. She fell upon the Subject of Violent Paſſions, which gave *Alphonſus* occaſi-

on

on to ask the Company for Examples of ſome Perſons who had been violently in love. Whereupon the Princeſs *Chriſtina* taking the word, ſaid, 'That 'Hiſtory could furniſh him but with 'too many Amorous Men for Amo-'rous Women, and ſo on the contra-'ry. But that it ſeem'd as if Mar-'riage were the Deſtroyer of Love, 'and 'twas to railly a Wife, but to 'ſay that ſhe loved her Husband, 'and that ſhe could hardly believe 'there were Women to be found 'who had preſerv'd an ardent Love 'for their Husbands. The young *Neopolitan*, who was on fire to diſplay his Knowledge, added, 'Anti-'quity can furniſh us with a very 'great number, and the laſt Ages 'are not unprovided. Without doubt, 'my Lord can produce ſome Exam-'ples, ſaid *Alphonſus*. Yes, my Lord, reply'd that young man, who had an itch to ſpeak, 'I will, for the 'ſatisfaction of the Company, relate

'upon

'upon that Subject thoſe which my 'Memory ſhall furniſh me with: 'Artemiſa ſwallowed the Aſhes of 'her Husband. *Hypſicratea* follow-'ed the King her Husband to the 'Army, and fought till Death by 'his ſide. Not to dwell upon what '*Virgil* has written of *Dido* and *An-*'*dromache*; *Panthæa* the Wife of *A-*'*bradates*, kill'd her ſelf upon the 'dead Body of her Husband. *Phi-*'*la* the Wife of *Demetrius*, that King 'having loſt his Life in a Battle, 'poyſoned her ſelf. And not to go 'ſo high, does not our Age afford 'us a Wife who paſſionately lov'd 'her Husband, in that *Iſabella*, Prin-'ceſs of *Salem*, who not being a-'ble to obtain leave to follow him 'to the Army, writ to him, that 'there paſſed not a Night but ſhe 'embraced him, and taſted the 'ſweeteſt Pleaſure with him: That 'ſhe made Vows for the changing

'the Days which ſhe employ'd in 'weeping, into Nights, that ſhe 'might always enjoy his ſweet Em-'braces. I perceive that this laſt 'Wife lov'd a little for Intereſt; (interrupted the eldeſt Prince, who made a ſign to his Brother to conclude, judging thoſe kinds of Narrations *Pedantick*) 'and I believe that 'all Wives who have amiable Hus-'bands, reſemble her. The Hiſtorian held his peace, and 'twas then that *Alphonſus* burſt out a laughing, which put him out of countenance. This young Prince taking his laughing for an Affront which he did him, ask'd him if he believ'd not the truth of thoſe Hiſtories? whereupon he anſwered him, That he had likewiſe read them all in a Book of Fables, except the laſt, which ſhew'd more the Character of a voluptuous Wife, than of one tranſported by a virtuous Paſſion.

This

This younger Brother ſaid nothing elſe, but that Truth would always paſs for a Lye, from a Rivals mouth. *Alphonſus*, who underſtood well enough what he drove at, pray'd him to explain himſelf. But the prudent *Princeſſes* fearing that the Diſpute growing hot, it might have dangerous conſequences, roſe up; which made them thereupon break off, and gave them notice it was time to withdraw.

The *Princeſſes* being left alone, *Iphigenia* addreſſing her ſelf to her dear Companion, ſaid to her, 'My 'God! Madam, how ſelf-conceited 'is this young *Neopolitan*? How 'full of himſelf? Is his Brother's 'Wit as ill turn'd? He is more 'moderate, reply'd ſhe, but his Con-'verſation is ſomewhat duller, it is 'not lively; and how well made ſo-'ever he be outwardly, he has not 'the Secret to pleaſe me. But now

'you put me in mind on't, What is 'the unknown Lover whom you 'now and then diſcourſe to me of? 'If you will conceal his Name, draw 'me his Picture at leaſt; for I doubt 'not but you have ſeen him. With-'out queſtion, Madam, reply'd *I-'phigenia*, and I will ſatisfie your 'curioſity thereupon. Know then, 'in the firſt place, that he is born a 'Prince, and that he hath been ſuf-'ficiently favour'd by Fortune. He 'is young, and has never felt true 'Love for any but your ſelf. He 'loves you, he adores you, he ſtu-'dies your Humour, he knows what 'Temper you are of, and he knows 'you as well as himſelf. He has 'Wit enough, which is ſparkling, 'lively, gay, and loves not trifles. 'He is generous and liberal: He 'has already given proof of his Cou-'rage in a ſingle Duel. He has a 'great Soul, and is as much an E-

'nemy

'nemy to Cowardize as Quarrelling. As to his Perſon, although 'he hardly is of a middle ſize, he is 'well ſet, and has a good Carriage: 'He is a little long Viſag'd, his Noſe 'a little turn'd up; he has black 'Eyes, large and even with his Head; 'and above all, paſſionate. His 'Mouth is little, his Eye-brows and 'Hair of a bright Cheſnut, and of an 'admirable gloſs. This is ſome-'what near his Picture; to which 'I ought to adde, to turn it to the 'light, that he has very much Love 'and Tenderneſs; that you are the 'onely Object of his Vows; that he 'ſighs continually at the ſight of 'your Charms, and that the admi-'ration of your Divine Qualities, 'make him ſo fearful, that he has 'not dar'd to declare his Paſſion to 'you. You draw me a Picture ſo 'charming in the Graces, that di-'ſtinguiſh this unknown Lover, in-

'terrupted the Princeſs, that I cannot but give the Lye to Poets, who maintain that an unknown Object cannot excite Motions of Love. I love this Prince; and ſince we may ſpeak freely together, the favour I have to ask of you, is, to inſpire him with Courage, that I may have the ſatisfaction to ſee him ſpeedily. I will endeavour, reply'd *Iphigenia*, to raiſe him above that reſpectful Fearfulneſs which retains him; and I will aſſure you, that to morrow he ſhall have the honour to entertain you in Perſon, or by Letter. You cannot, added the Princeſs, oblige me more, than to procure me one of his Letters, if you cannot make him reſolve to come to ſee me. I ſhall judge by his Writing, if that Prince has Sentiments as tender as you have told me. To morrow then, Madam, you ſhall hear of him,

'him, ſaid the Dutcheſs, retiring her ſelf.

The Picture of ſo accompliſh'd a Lover, made ſuch an impreſſion on the *Princeſs*'s Spirit, that ſhe was employ'd with it all Night, inſomuch that the eldeſt of our *Neopolitans*, who fail'd not a day of giving her marks of his Love, preſenting himſelf in the Morning at her *Toilet*, found her thoughtful, and very cold. This young *Prince* having never obſerv'd in her any inequality of Humour, was extreamly ſurpriz'd to meet with ſo much indifference: But as a Lover always flatters himſelf, he thought that the *Princeſs* would try his Love; which made him tell her, That in her melancholy Fit, and her gay Humour, ſhe was equally amiable.

The firſt Coldneſs put not this Prince in trouble. He examin'd himſelf upon what he might have done,

which was displeasing to that Fair Ones Eyes, and thinking himself guilty of nothing, he believ'd that the day following might change her disposition.

In the mean time *Iphigenia*, who was engag'd to bring a Letter to the *Princess*, writ one, which she caus'd to be transcrib'd by a young Gentleman who div'd not at all into the Commerce of her Pleasures, and who judg'd only that the Dutchess had a mind to divert her self. The Letter contain'd what follows.

The

The Unknown Lover

To the Princeſs,

The moſt worthy to be belov'd.

MY Name and my Perſon, Divine Princeſs, are ſufficiently known to you. You are not ignorant of the diſpoſition of a Prince's heart, who would eſteem himſelf infinitely happy, if he could make you underſtand to what extreamity your Charms have reduc'd him. But how ſhould he draw you a Paſſion of the Character of his? I acknowledge that as accompliſh'd as you are, you are neither diſdainful, nor inſenſible, and that I may freely diſcover my Love to you. But who ſhall aſſure me of Life? one Refuſal, or the defect even of the return of your Tenderneſs, being capable to give me

Death.

Death. I have a hundred Reaſons to prohibit me your Houſe. Some Princes adore you; and I am the Subject of the Purſuits of a tender Love. I can only ſigh then, Madam, till Heaven diſpoſes of my Deſtiny, and inſpires you to be altogether favourable to the moſt faithful and paſſionate of your Lovers.

Iphigenia found the *Princeſs* in the expectation of the Letter, whereby ſhe ſhould underſtand the Sentiments of her unknown Lover. Having receiv'd it, ſhe read it with an incredible ſatisfaction. It had ſuch an Effect upon her Spirit, that ſhe became ſo impatient, and ſo curious to ſee him who was the Author of it, that nothing could entertain her ſo agreeably, as the repetition of the Promiſes which *Iphigenia* made her of making him reſolve to come to kiſs her hands. She believ'd ſhe ought

ought not to anſwer this Letter. She imagin'd that the *Dutcheſs*, who would not divert her from her Love, was but too capable to aſſure that unknown Prince, of the eſteem that ſhe her ſelf had made her conceive for him. Wherefore ſhe contented her ſelf to pray her to animate his Reſolution, to flatter him with ſome hopes, and to perſwade him to become as bold as paſſionate.

The young *Neopolitan*, impatient to try if the *Princeſs* were on his account what ſhe had been the day before, came to ask if he might have the honour to viſit her. But ſhe was ſo employ'd in thinking on the *Billet* which ſhe had receiv'd; that ſhe ſent him word ſhe was indiſpos'd. Although this Anſwer was an ill Omen to him, he nevertheleſs did not diſpair of his Deſtiny, ſince he ſaw not any Perſon haunt her Houſe, whom he might fear to be his Ri-

val.

val. He return'd the next day to the Charge, and had the freedom to entertain the *Princeß* in diſcourſe; whoſe Anſwers, for the moſt part, ſhew'd abſence of mind. He ventur'd to tell her, That he believ'd there was ſome Accident befallen her, which carried away her Thoughts. But he could not draw any thing from her, onely that ſhe was taken up with conſidering with her ſelf whether having made choice of an Object ſhe could be capable to love always.

This was an *Enigma* to our young Lover, whom ſhe intreated to leave her ſome days at liberty. He went away overwhelm'd with the moſt cruel Melancholy that can be imagin'd, and was going to abandon himſelf, to his deſpair, when he met an old *Chaplain* of his Nation, to whom he diſcovered all the Secrets of his Soul. He pray'd him to aſſiſt

him

him with his Councel, and ask'd him if he knew what he might do to pleaſe. This old Fox, who had almoſt the direction of all the Conſciences of the Court, had experience enough to be able to give him ſome advice. He asked him firſt, if he had ſufficiently ſtudied the Humour of her whom he lov'd, to have diſcovered if his manner of Apparel, and his Trimming pleas'd her; and above all things, if his Garniture were of the colour which ſhe lov'd, or was ſuch that it might diſcover to her his Diſpoſition. And he anſwering, That he had follow'd in that onely the Mode, and Chance; the other reply'd to him, That thoſe ſort of things, when we have fine Qualities beſides, have a great power to ſhake the reſolution of a Maid, whom the leaſt Trifle may ſurprize. To inſtruct himſelf in the virtue of different Colours, this *Prince* led

the

the *Chaplain* into the Kings Garden, where, in four or five turns of an Alley, he learnt from him the meaning of the ſeveral ſorts of *Symbols*. See here how that old man explain'd them to him.

White, which is the moſt ſimple of all Colours, bears the character of *Purity*, *Innocence*, and *Sincerity*.

Black ſhews *Perſeverance*, becauſe it cannot be defac'd by any other Colour.

Red denotes *Revenge*. It frights a Rival.

Brown, and all dark Colours, repreſent *Patience*, and a ſerious Temper.

Carnation repreſents, extreamly well, the Grief which we feel for a loſt thing, which we hope to recover.

Aurora Colour is a ſign of *Joy*.

The

The clear *Violet* Colour, the *Gredelin*, and the *Peacock* Colour, is proper to inſpire Love; they call it the Livery of *Venus*.

Azure is a Token of Fidelity, becauſe it correſponds to Heaven, which appears always the ſame, when it is not obſcur'd by Clouds.

Grey or *Aſh* Colour, expreſſes Melancholy or Sadneſs.

Green has always repreſented Hope, as the *Fillemot* Deſpair.

Our ſad Lover minded not the old man had finiſh'd. He interrupted him here, and ask'd how he figured *Indifference* and *Deſpight*. 'By 'a mixture of all Colours, reply'd he. 'Good, reply'd the Prince. But at 'laſt, before I make uſe of this laſt 'Symbol, which of theſe Colours 'will ſuit me beſt, the *Carnation*, the '*clear Violet*, the *Blue*, or in fine, 'which of all the others? It is not

'very

'very eaſie for me, reply'd the Cha-
'plain, to ſatisfie you poſitively there-
'upon. The choice which you
'ought to make, depends very much
'upon circumſtances, which you
'muſt have examined before. A
'Lover ought not only to conſult
'himſelf and his Paſſion, but he
'ought to know perfectly the Tem-
'per of her whom he would pleaſe.
'*White*, as that which is mingled
'with it, ſympathices with the hu-
'mour of *Phlegmatick* Perſons. The
'melancholy Ladies love *Black*, and
'all which tends towards that Co-
'lour. *Red*, and all that comes near
'that Colour, is ſeen with pleaſure,
'by thoſe in whom Choler predo-
'minates: And *Sanguine* Comple-
'xions regard willingly *Blue*, *Carna-*
'*tion*, and *Gredelin Aurora* Colours,
'and all that are clear and ſhine.
'What! muſt one make all theſe
'obſervations, added the Prince? As

'far

'far as I ſee, one muſt be a good *Philoſopher*, to pleaſe. Without queſtion, reply'd the Old man, one muſt 'be very perfect in Phyſick, or otherwiſe inſtead of gaining the glory of 'having pleas'd, one is expos'd to the 'diſcontent of being turn'd into *Ridicule*. But, Sir, reply'd he, if the 'Princeſs for whom you ſigh, hath a 'good Wit, as I queſtion not, it is probable that if ſhe hath look'd on you 'favourably heretofore, and that ſhe is 'grown cold, without your having 'given her cauſe, you have a Rival. 'And 'tis what may put you to ſome 'trouble to diſcover. If you are not 'too ſcrupulous, I can ſhew you a 'Perſon, who without doubt can inform you. Is he a Sorcerer, interrupted the Prince? He paſſes for ſuch 'a one, continued the Old man; but 'I, who believe it not, I look upon 'him as a man who through the knowledge that he has in Natural Cauſes, 'can with the help of certain Sands,

'who have receiv'd the illuſtration of 'certain Stars, in a certain ſituation, and 'under a certain Aſpect, to ſmooth 'certain pieces of Earth with melted 'Flint-ſtones, which by virtue of cer-'tain blaſts, can render Objects at a di-'ſtance preſent; and above all, repre-'ſent all ſorts of Letters, which have 'not been torn. So many *Certain-'ties*, ſaid the Prince, laughing, pro-'miſe me a very *uncertain* knowledge. 'Nevertheleſs, pray ſhew me the 'Lodgings of this great Philoſopher. The Old man having inform'd him where he dwelt, he went thither all alone the ſame Evening, where he receiv'd the ſatisfaction which I am going to relate. This *Magician* having led him, without Light, into a Cave, and having forthwith asked him if he were afraid, and the Prince having anſwered with aſſurance, that he was not, he drew a Circle with Cole, in the middle of which he plac'd him. Having after that, drawn out a certain

dark

dark piece of Earth out of a hole which he enlighten'd with certain Aſhes; and after ſome intelligible words, which frighted the *Prince* a little, who wou'd have been very willing not to have been there, he made appear to him, through that tranſparent Body, the Letter which the *Princeſs* his Miſtriſs had receiv'd; which he read from end to end. And this was all the knowledge which he could receive from the *Magician*, whom he ſatisfied according to his deſire.

He had learnt but too much for his Repoſe; his Troubles increas'd. The Idæa of an unknown Rival, added to his deſpair. He return'd to ſee the Princeſs, and found her ſtill the ſame; he gained all her Servants; he turn'd Spy himſelf; he poſted Sentinels all round the Houſe, and could not diſcover him who diſputed his Love with him; ſometimes he is hot, and ſometimes fearful. He becomes a Prey to a deadly Melancholy, and

has recourſe again to *Magick*. He requeſts a Charm, and gives his conſent and all things neceſſary to the compoſition of a *Pomatum*, which he deſigns to convey by ſtealth upon the Princeſſes *Toilet*, from whence he took away for this purpoſe a little Pot which he caus'd to be fill'd with the following Ingredients, *viz.* the Scrapings of Skins, the Cuttings of Hoofs, and Hairs imperceptibly cut off, burnt, and calcin'd with ſome drops of a certain Liquor, the whole at laſt mingled and incorporated with Sope, and common ſweet Powders; which Pot he cunningly ſubſtituted in the place of the other, and whoſe vertue had no Effect.

Alphonſus on his ſide agreeably perſecuted *Iphigenia*, who upon the great change of her outward Diſpoſitions, chang'd alſo her Inclinations, and entertain'd him with fair hopes, whilſt ſhe endeavour'd to inſpire the *Princeſs* with Love for the *Unknown*. She made

made her from day to day more exquiſite deſcriptions of that *Princeſs*'s Paſſion, of which ſhe expreſs'd her ſelf to be ſenſible, when at laſt overcome by her Prayers, ſhe engag'd to bring him to her on the morrow in the Evening. The *Princeſs* impatient to ſee the *Cavalier*, conjur'd her by the Union that was between them, to procure her the ſatisfaction of ſeeing him, and promis'd her, provided he was ſuch as ſhe had deſcrib'd him, to hearken favourably to his Paſſion.

As ſoon as *Iphigenia* was return'd home, whether ſhe had carried *Cornelia*, ſhe ſent her to ſeek for the beſt Taylor of the Court, whom ſhe made to take meaſure of her, and to whom ſhe gave private orders to make her a magnificent Habit, with its Ornaments, by Eight a Clock the next Night exactly, and to bring her choice of all things neceſſary to equip a Cavalier for a Ball. The Taylor ac-

quitted himſelf with an admirable diligence of his Commiſſion. The *Dutcheſs* ſent all the Equipage to *Cornelia*, whom ſhe had prepar'd to receive it, and went to dreſs her ſelf in her Chamber, from whence ſhe ſent to demand if a ſtrange *Prince* might be admitted to make his Complements to *Madam*. The Princeſs, who expected, according to *Iphigenia*'s promiſes, an unknown Lover, ſent to meet this *Prince*; ſhe was much ſurpriz'd to ſee him enter alone, believing that the *Dutcheſs* would have bore him company. She advanced ſome ſteps to receive him, made a Seat be given him, and ordered her Attendants to withdraw, to enjoy all alone the pleaſures of this new Lovers Converſation, who began thus: 'You ſee, Madam, the Perſon 'that the Dutcheſs *Iphigenia* has diſ-'cours'd of to you, according to 'what ſhe has told me; ſhe has made 'you a deſcription of me which ſcarce

'reſembles

'reſembles me. 'Tis the Effect of a 'bountiful Inclination, to which I 'ſhall be oblig'd all my Life. As e-'loquent as ſhe has been upon the 'ſubject of my Paſſion, ſhe has ne-'vertheleſs not amplified it, it is ſuch 'that I my ſelf who feel it, cannot 'deſcribe it to you.

She had not finiſh'd ſpeaking, when the Princeſs, who knew her again under her diſguiſe, reply'd to her thus: 'I have always well preſum'd, 'Sir, that you were a Railleur who 'ſought to divert your ſelf. But I 'ſhould have been troubled to per-'ſwade my ſelf that you had been 'deſirous to puſh your Raillery ſo 'far. It is no matter; I find you 'lovely, and I am very ready to ſe-'cond your Paſſion. Give me your 'hand, Princeſs, ſaid the Dutcheſs 'then, and promiſe me that you will 'keep your word. The ſeaſon of 'the Carnival, which invites us to 'Joy, leaves us but juſt time enough

'to execute the Thing. I intreat 'your company to morrow at the 'Comedy which I will cauſe to be 'preſented before all the Court, and 'my Lord your Father. I will ap-'pear ſuch as I am, and in the Con-'cluſion we will finiſh the Ceremo-'nies of our Marriage.

The *Princeſs*, who imagin'd no-thing leſs than what hapned, believ'd always that the Propoſitions which *Iphigenia* had made her, on the ſcore of an unknown Lover, were not feign'd; that ſhe would one day de-clare what he was, and that in the mean while the time of *Shrovetide* would permit extraordinary Diver-ſions. This made her give her Hand; purſuant to which, *Iphigenia* went to give order for all that was neceſſary for the celebration of their Nuptials on the morrow. She went to the *King*'s Apartment, the *Queen*'s, and all the *Princes* Lodgings, to pray them to honour that ſolemn Feaſt;

who

who expreſſed themſelves to be well ſatisfied with the divertiſements which the *Dutcheſs* would procure them. All the Court were at the Comedy, and afterward went to the Dutcheſs's Houſe, where there was a ſplendid Supper provided.

Iphigenia traveſty'd *en Cavileer*, and the Princeſs *Chriſtina*, receiv'd there, with the conſent of their Majeſties, all the Complements of the Court. The Articles of Contract were exhibited after the Regale. All the Court, after the King's Example, and the Princeſs's *Father* himſelf ſubſcrib'd it. The reſt of the common Formalities were obſerv'd. Our Lovers mutually plighted their Faith to each other, and the Action was finiſh'd, at which the eldeſt of the *Neopolitans* and *Alphonſus*, ſhew'd all their good Humour.

The Dutcheſs *Iphigenia* and the *Princeſs* her Spouſe, bore the quality of *King*, and the other *Queen* at the Ball

Ball which followed. During the three hours which it continued, a witty Poet met them, presented them with an *Epithalamium*, whose Composition was approv'd of. It was propos'd to conduct our new-married People to Bed. The *King* accompany'd them to the Chamber which had been prepar'd for them, at the door of which, it was believ'd that the last Scene would have a conclusion. They were notwithstanding undress'd, and the Princess tyr'd as much with Dancing, as with the other Exercises of the Day, put her self to Bed with *Iphigenia*, who instructed her with admiration in what she was ignorant of till then. The Curtains have robb'd me of the rest. What? What we may believe as a Truth is, that the Bride was very much surpriz'd to find that Nature, liberal to *Iphigenia*, had indow'd her with both Sexes; that our Illustrious *Hermaphrodite* had obtain'd from the bounty of a laudable Stock,

Stock, what the weakneſs of a tender Age had ſcarce made her ſenſible of; that the Court imform'd of the Fact, at the ſollicitation of the Bridegroom's Father, who was very ſure of things, took all that had been done for ſubſtantial and authentick; and that in fine, by the Alliance of this *Gallant Hermaphrodite*, *Alphonſus* had his Siſter for his Rival.

FINIS.